

Interviews: Galore! Stephen King, Dan O'Bannon & Wes Craven

FORREST JACKERMAN'S

MONSTER LAND

ISSUE
June 1986
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IS TERRIFIED IN
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EDITORIAL

ACKLADES & ACKRIMONY

OK, three postmen have quit my route since the first issue of MONSTERLAND came out, claiming it beyond the call of duty to deliver such a deluge of letters. Rain, sleet, snow, hurricanes, earthquakes, barking dogs all go with the territory, they say, but hordes of gory correspondence to Horror weird, Lugo Angeles, they claim is not covered in their contract.

What did I learn from your letters? That Ole Man Ack is welcome back, that you loved the first issue, that you're subscribing, that some of your favorite things are Paul Linden's insights into the Ackermuseum, the news in the Fantasy Film Marquee, the Godzilla coverage, the Homages to Chaney, Karloff, and Lugosi. In fact there was nothing you didn't like except some felt the layout could stand improvement. The publishers feel it's already been improved with the second issue, that it will be further improved with the third issue, and that it will continue to improve with every following issue.

One reader, living in an obscure town '60 miles south of Buffalo, New York', told me he had bought all 8 copies on sale at his local newsstand—not to horde but to give as presents to potential readers. Another reader, Mike Yerkas, who has invested literally thousands of dollars in back issues of my former filmmonsterzine, told me he purchased 10 copies of the premiere issue of FJAM, as an investment.

I have spoken, so far, of letters from readers, phone calls from readers, things told to me by local readers. The publishers tell me I should change "readers" to "fans". My former publisher told me that once, too: After the Ackerman & I took an 8700 mile drive zigzagging back-and-forth across the USA for 5 weeks, trying to see as many as possible of the 1300 boys & girls who had indicated they would like to get to meet us, my previous publisher said, "Well, Farny, I suppose you think you've met your readers and you know now what they want." "Well,"



I replied, "If I haven't been living with them for the past 5 weeks, I don't know who has. And one of the first things they've asked me (deferentially) is, 'Mr. Ackerman, do you have to have so many puns in the magazine?' And I told them, 'Believe me, kids, it would be far easier for me to give you information, which I would prefer to do, than to look at the 500th foto of a monster choking a girl and try to come up with a funny caption, because I avoid repeating myself as much as possible.' And my publisher replied—and the current publishers agree with him—"You didn't meet your readers, you met your fans. It is every publisher's dream to know what his readers want. What impulse causes a person to pick up an issue for the first time? Why does one issue sell 5000 copies more than another? No publisher has ever been able to determine what the readers want. No publisher can afford to publish primarily for fans, unless the editor and the contributors want to

work for free, and the fans are willing to pay \$5 a copy."

The sad fact is, readers don't write. Fans do; sometimes they writhe. But what displeases a fan might be perfectly acceptable to a "mere" reader, the bulk of whom make up the, er, readership. Fanship couldn't support a nationally (nay, internationally: 27 countries) distributed periodical; without readership the ship would founder and sink.

I have been trying to figure out some incentive to get readers by the tens of thousands to write one letter in their life expressing their opinions. YOU, reading this editorial now: Have you ever read FJAM before? Or any imagination movie magazine? What made you pick up this issue? Will you buy the next? IF by some miracle something moves you to answer the foregoing questions, please preface your comments with "I am a reader not a fan". Let me know what you liked and disliked as a guide to future policy: yours could be an important "vote" in shaping the destiny of this periodical. Address your envelope to IMA reader c/o FJAckerman, 2495 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, CA 90027. Thank you!



I hate to end this editorial on a sad note but this issue is Dedicated with Loving Memory to that gallant lady, the widow of Willis (KONG) O'Brien, who lost a 6-month battle with cancer the day after Christmas:
R.I.P. DARLYNE O'BRIEN



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FANTASY FILM MARQUEE

Dr. Jekyll is coming back (in the person of the late Spencer Tracy of *Destry's Interrogation*) and computer's got him! Yes, color enhanced by the new computer process, the MGM version of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is soon to be seen on the TV screen. What may this portend for the future? King Kong in color? *The Bride of Frankenstein*? *The Cat People*? *The Island of Lost Souls*?

Is there indeed nothing new under the sun? (Or the moon?) In 1915 we had the version of Frankenstein known as *Life Without Soul*. Now Wes (Nightmare on Elm Street) Craven will direct for producer Richard (Salem's Lot) Kastan the story of "a rich young man frozen cryogenically who is brought back by a brilliant young surgeon when the unit fails... but he has no soul." Which leads me to report the death of Walt Liebacher, whose "Do Androids Dream of Electric Love?" was filmed as a short subject. Walt (a deer friend whom I first befriended at the Second World Science Fiction Convention way back in 1940) might be said to be a Man Who Died Twice, about a week before his final black sleep he died in a doctor's office and was revived. His heart stopped and it took 7 doctors to bring him back to life. I had a first-hand opportunity shortly thereafter to query this friend about the Hereafter (Much as I'd like to meet Prince Sireni, I don't really believe in a Hereafter). I wanted to know if he'd seen any bright lights, a tunnel, angelic forms; if any of his old friends from life had been there to greet him after Death. Nothing. Walt said he had no idea he'd been dead; when he came to he thought he'd either just fallen asleep or fainted. This reinforces the belief I have held since I was 15 (that's over 50 years!) that Death is simply Final Blackout.

Well, back to the "real" world of fantasy. *Fashion Beast* will be a modern retelling of *Beauty and the Beast*, best done to date in 1948 with Jean Marais in the title role.

Chris Walas, who designed the *Gremlins*, has created an outer space creature called the Drac for the \$25 million cinemadaption of Barry Longyear's *Enemy Mine*. Lou Gossett Jr. plays the homo replicans.

Watch HBO, those of you with cablevision, for a 3½-hour special compilation of *Bram Stuarts*.

Janus Blythe, interviewed in our first issue, joins Roddy McDowall in *Fright Night*, the horror film which features a lot of monstrous remembribles from FJAM's editor's collection.

Invisible Stranger, issued under the title *The Astral Factor*, is a supernatural thriller with Robert (Demian) Forster.

Lash LaRue returns in *The Dark Power*. *The Horrors of Edgar Allan Poe* will be a 4-hour TV miniseries.



Spencer Tracy provided a colorful performance in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

European News by Stephen Jones

Zenith Productions and ITC have announced *Billy the Kid* and *The Green Belize* Vampires to begin filming in March in the U.K. Directed by Alan Clarke, it is described as a stylish musical comedy.

Based on the story by Dylan Thomas, Brooklin's *The Doctor and the Devil* began principal photography at Britain's Shepperton Studios in January. Filming for 9 weeks and directed by Freddie Francis, the star cast includes Timothy Dalton, Jonathan Pryce, Twiggy, Beryl Reid, Stephen Rea and Stan Phillips.

Denholm Elliott and Ingrid Pitt star in *Underworld*, based on a story by one of Stephen King's favorite authors, Clive Barker. The Limehouse/Green Men production will be shot entirely on location in London, with special effects by Christopher Tucker (*The Company of Wolves*). The set has been closed to the press.

From the producing team of Steven Spielberg, Kathleen Kennedy and Frank Marshall comes *The Young Sherlock*, a new period adventure dealing with the legendary detective's college days. Filming began in the U.K. in January, from a script by Chris Columbus (*Gremlins*). Director Barry Levinson and Spielberg mounted a nationwide campaign, involving newspapers, radio and TV, to find two unknowns to play the youthful Holmes & Watson. It will be a Paramount release.

Henry Mancini will score Cannon's *Lifeforce* (originally *The Space Vampires*).

Following the success of Klaus Emmerich and his team at last year's Berlin Film Festival with their German science fiction movie *The Ninth's Ark Principle*, they are shooting *Joey*, a supernatural drama rich in special effects.

Producer Mark Forstater will be re-united with his director on the silicon thriller *Xire*, Harry Bremner Davenport, for *The Shadowland*. Forstater will also make *The Parasite*, directed by Robin Hardy.

Ridley Scott's epic fantasy/ adventure *Legend* finally finished shooting at Thorn EMI Elstree Studios in England. The final sequences of the film, to be shot on a vast set, were originally planned for Pinewood's 007 stage before a massive fire interrupted filming and destroyed the soundstage completely.

From Goldcrest comes *Homer Movie*, an original script by Stephen Volk about a movie that kills its audience! Produced by Alan Marchell and directed by Marek Kanievska, the \$10 million production began shooting in February. Also from Goldcrest is their much-announced *Mandrake the Magician*, based on the classic comic strip created by Leo Fels. Produced by Tom Sternberg (*Apocalypse Now*), the film is to be directed by Bob Swaim. The screenplay is by William Hjortsberg, who wrote *Legend* for Ridley Scott. Production is set to start in the fall.

The latest film from cult Italian director Dario Argento (*Suspiria*, *Inferno*) is titled *Phenomena*, and stars Donald Plessence.

The *Weep Factory*, based on the best-selling first novel by Iain Banks, is currently in development from Britain's National Film Development Fund for a feature film planned for release next year. To be shot in Scotland, this farce has been coscripted by Banks and director Megs Kimmoun.

Veteran Antilles producer Milton Subotsky will script and direct *Axe*, possibly at Shepperton Studios. Based on the dally sword & sorcery comic strip that is syndicated in newspapers in 16 countries, Subotsky will coproduce with Bachu Patel for Patel's Tri-Films.

Alexander and Ilya Salkind's \$50 million *Santa Claus* has been shooting principal photography at Pinewood Studios. Optical and miniature effects work consumed over 4 months. Jennojet Szwarc, directing his second film for the Salkinds, following *Supergirl*, and the all-star cast includes Dudley Moore, John Lithgow, David Huddleston, Burgess Meredith and Judy Cornwell. The film is set for release by TriStar at Christmas. Following *Santa Claus*, the Salkinds plan to make *Supergirl 2* and *Superman 4*, and if the series starts to flag, then they will feature both Superman and Supergirl in the final movie. Although it is unlikely that Christopher Reeve will agree to repeat his role as the Man of Steel, Alexander Salkind cites the cast changes in such successful series as *James Bond* and *Terminator*.

Australia's Air Programs International will make a \$2.1 million animated space fantasy titled *Jason and the Astronauts* to be produced and directed by Stuart Fraasman. The story concerns two teenagers from Earth who become involved with a futuristic alien civilization and embark on an adventure thru time & space.

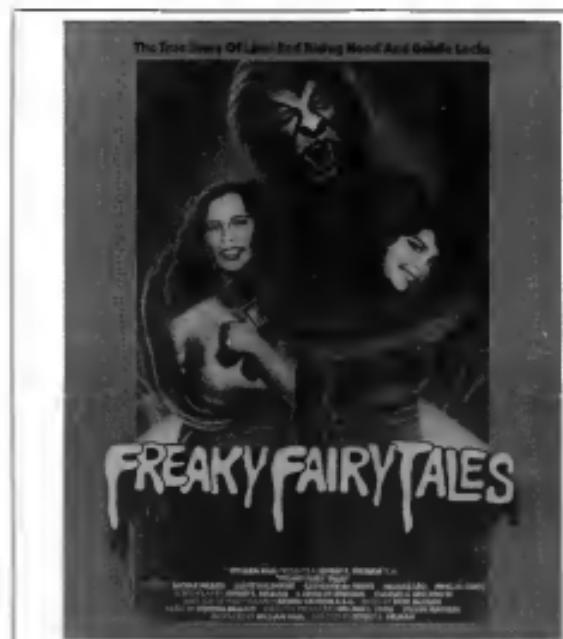
SCI-FI ALERT!

Check out our companion periodical SF
MOVIELAND for further info on these
science fiction films.

COCOON
ALIEN II
DREAM DNE
TIME CHASER
OUT OF TIME
THEY'RE HERE
THE STUFF
THE LAST STAR
BYE BYE JUPITER
MY SCIENCE PROJECT
MURDER IN SPACE—1996
SPECIAL EFFECTS
THUNDER WOMEN+
ELIMINATORS
FUTUREKILL
RD80 TECH
DUNE II
SLAM

And Tobe Hooper's remarks of *Invaders from Mars*.

Those of you who are interested in science as well as monster movies and horror



Below: Two appealing entries from Survey 2000 that for Dr. David Brown



picture may want to start picking up SF MIDWIELAND each issue for a monthly feature I'm starting called "Sci-Fi Film Memories," wherein I give coverage of Imagi-movies of 25 to 50 years or more ago: resumes of plots, bits about actors, directors, personnel opinions, anomalies, etc. The

first half dozen memories will probably be of *Things to Come*, *Dr. Cyclope*, *King Kong*, *Just Imagine*, *War of the Worlds*, *High Treason* and/or *The Time Machine*.

* An Israeli-made forecast of 800 years after the Nuclear War.

MONSTERLAND'S 25 FEARFUL FACES

LUCKY PHOTO FINISH WINNERS

*Given, a fair take is made in heart
And says his prayers by night
He may become a summer
In the dead of winter
When the auspices are right*

—Curt (see Siedmak's comment)

And the auspices were right on New Year's Day for KENNETH R. JOHNSTON of Baton Rouge, LA, seen holding his daughter Emily, and for the 25 Hendish lollipops pictured on the page opposite, for, at the home of David Bradley, director of *12 to the Moon* and *They Saved Hitler's Brain*, Curt (The Wolf Man) Siedmak picked Ken's picture out of a hat, making him a winner of an inscribed copy of the first issue (Feb. 1958) of *FJAM's* predecessor, *Famous Monsters of Filmland*, and the other contestants got autographed Frankenterry caricatures by Bill Nelson.



COUNT KEN GILBERT



BRUCE ALLEN



MIKE DUPRISE



PETER PITZGERALD



NEIL KENDRICK



CRAIG BISHOP



KEVIN SURNEAN



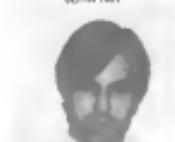
PAUL ABSI



JOHN RICHTER JR.



JOHN TAIT



GARY A. KNOWLTON



AND THE FRIGHTFUL WINNER MAKES IT

24

To the delight of everyone, Fury announces the winner's name



The proceedings were filmed by director Bradley and during the rehearsal Curt Slodmak first drew out of the hat contestant NEIL KENDRICK's name. Unfortunately, lightning didn't strike twice and the second time around when the drawing was done for real Neil wasn't so lucky—so your editor decided, even though it wasn't in the rules, to give him a "consolation prize" of the extremely rare first-&-only issue of a mockup magazine he edited in 1978, *House of Horror* (see photograph of cover).

SLODMAK REAL WOLFMAN

During not only the rehearsal but the real thing, Curt Slodmak, his eyes shut tight, overreached the hat with the pix and picked **Bobbie Brees** instead! Later during the afternoon he directed



AND THE WINNER IS
KENNETH R. JOHNSTON,
pictured here with daughter
EMILY, who, by the way,
makes the number

25

LAWRENCE LANEY LOFTIS



STEVE PATRICK



MITCHELL BOWLING



PHIL KISSEL



DAVID IRVING



HILTON WILDE



FAMM's Editor & FAMM's Purple Ghoul (Bobbie Bresee) share New Year's gifts at the home of Director David Bradley (in photo of the Master from *the Blue Man*) (Special Photo: Werner in FAMM's Photo contest)



Madge (White Zombie) Bellamy posed for a photo.

His own gag shot from a spur-of-the-moment script: a handsome young guest was dividing his attention between two beautiful young starlets when Curt arrived on the scene with a lobbycard from *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*. The young man was such a filmmonster fan that he traded one of the girls to Slodmok for the collector's item!

BREEZY CONVERSATION WITH BRESEE

I fell down on the floor laughing when UPS delivered John Richter Jr.'s photo to me for the contest because it was a huge framed portrait, a hundred times too big to be put in the hat with the regulation snapshots! I felt it wouldn't be fair to add his picture to the others but by the same token it wouldn't be fair not to include him in the contest, which he obviously was anxious to win. So I created a Special Prize for him, not announced in the Contest: John has received an inscribed copy of the second issue of *Famous Monsters*. Plus a phone call of congratulations from the Macabre Monstress of Mausoleum herself, *Beauty & the Beast* in one pulchritudinous package—Bobbie Bresee!

You're all invited to participate in each great MONSTERLAND Contest and maybe next time you will be a Lucky Winner!



Unseen: Don, key member of the King Kong camera effects crew, was there as the phenomena sequence was projected.



Curt Slodmok (in a scene after the opening scenes of *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man*) (photo: offscreen)



LIFEFORCE AND THE UNDEAD

BY DENNIS FISCHER

WRITER AND DIRECTOR DAN O'BANNON BRINGS
MYRIAD WORLDS OF TERROR TO THE SCREEN.

With his directorial debut *Return of the Living Dead* & 3 big genre pictures produced from his screenplays coming up, Dan O'Bannon is about to take the horror/fantasy film field by storm. Best known for his work on such classics as *Dark Star* & *Alien*, O'Bannon's is far from an overnight success story. And the success hasn't come easily—there have been the unrealized projects, battles with sickness & poverty, lamebrained studio interference & all the other slings and arrows that flesh is heir to.

LIFEFORCE OF THE LIVING DEAD

With *Return of the Living Dead*, O'Bannon has finally realized his lifelong dream of directing his own feature film. People who've attended advance screenings of the picture buzz about its humor, its chills and its overall sense of fun.

Return of the Living Dead was originally written for Tobe Hooper (*Taxaxa Chainsaw Massacre*, *Poltzatall*) to direct, but a delay in financing caused Hooper to exit the project, leaving O'Bannon a welcome replacement. Hooper, in turn, signed to do *Lifeforce* in England. Remarks O'Bannon, "Tobe's wrapped photography and he's editing it now, probably still doing some optical effects," which will be headed by John Dykstra's Apogee effects house. If O'Bannon's interest in *Lifeforce* appears unusually strong, it's because he authored the film's script. He's pleased that preliminary reports on the film are very good.

"Menschen (Golian, one of the film's producers) came back from London raving. Tobe and our mutual attorney, Henry Holmes, popped over to England and saw a rough cut. He said it was terrific."

Lifeforce is based on the book *Space Vampires*, written by occult commentator Colin Wilson. I asked O'Bannon how faithfully his screenplay followed Wilson's original work.

"Did I stick close to the book? Well, half and half. Wilson is a very intriguing and intelligent writer, but his nonfiction is a lot stronger than his fiction. In *Space Vampires*, he has a very strong opening scene, a very strong concept, but after he got back to earth from outer space the plot just went in all directions at the same time, all of them wrong.

"In the latter two-thirds of the book, he had a number of intriguing scenes. So what I did was extract the good scenes and I did was extract the good scenes & simply jettison the rest. We made up a new plot that contained all of those scenes. When we finished, the script was too long by a good deal, so with great regret we had to lose a couple more of Wilson's scenes."

GETTING INTO THE DEAD

It was Hooper who requested that O'Bannon work on the script for *Return of the Living Dead*. "He had been hired to direct it from a script by John Russo," O'Bannon recalls, "but I think he wanted a rewrite. I think Tom Fox, the producer, wanted a rewrite, too. They approached me & I undertook to do it as just a throwaway. I wasn't terribly interested. After I'd written it, though, I got good feedback on it. Everyone said it was a really good script. Which just goes to show, it's not what the writer thinks—it's what everybody else thinks that counts."

"By the time that Tobe got fed up waiting for this project to get a start date & left to do *Lifeforce*, I had been persuaded that it was a good script. When Fox asked me if I would direct it,

I said sure—leapt at the chance.

"I'd been offered films to direct before, but had turned them down because I didn't want to start off on the wrong foot. I was not attracted to this project because it was a sequel. I really don't like sequelizing anybody's material. Including my own. George Romero has already sequelized the *Living Dead* and is planning a third film. I was pretty leary, but the thing that sold me was the very positive response I'd gotten to the script, not only on the part of my employers but also on the part of Don Jakoby & a few other people whose taste I trust.

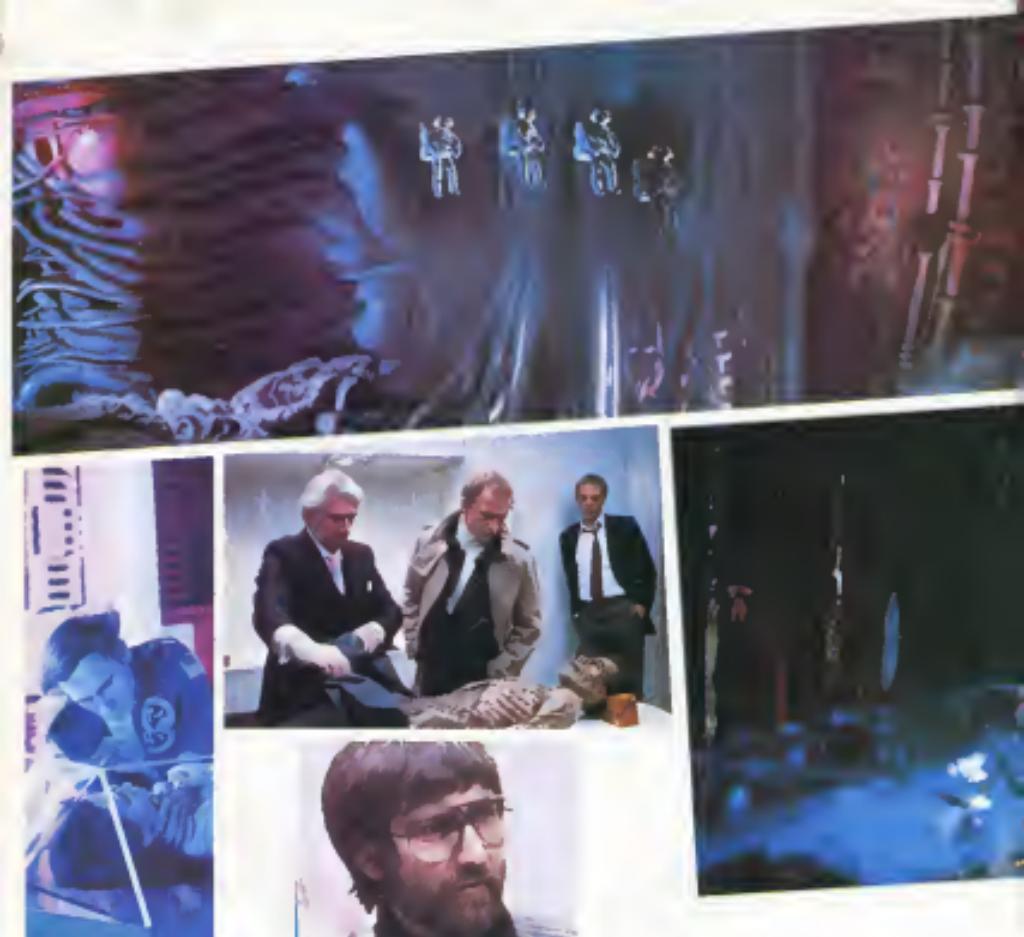
"That's why I agreed to do it. I was persuaded despite the liabilities of sequelizing & what I consider a very thin central idea. I don't consider corpses coming back to life & killing people to be a very rich concept. In spite of that, the reaction to the script was good enough that I thought, well, I have a winner here. So I grabbed it to get my directing debut under my belt."

JUDGED SOLELY BY THE LIVING DEAD?

Keeping in mind that, at least for a time, *Return of the Living Dead* will be his directorial calling card, O'Bannon has strived to show off his talents to their best advantage. He doesn't want to be typed as a horror director. He has included scenes that show how well he handles character, humor, plot, acting, complicated visuals, surprises, thrills, pacing—the whole ball of wax.

"I'm trying to satisfy the raw pancreas crowd," says O'Bannon, "but I'm also trying to make what is called a crossover film, something that a wider audience can see and enjoy. I'm trying to touch all the bases that make for good directing. Visuals, actors, whatever. I went to give a little touch of everything that goes into a good movie,





partly as a demo reel for myself so I won't be narrowed down into a category where potential employers can say I can only do this or that one aspect.

"I think the audience will love the characters. They will sometimes find it thrilling to see the characters die, & they'll sometimes find it acutely painful and uncomfortable. It will depend on which character is dying. But they'll be moved."

O'Bannon counts Hitchcock and Welles as his primary influences. He

describes the filming of *Living Dead* as a "very smooth shoot. I am not a superstitious person who believes that when you're making a horror film, horrible things have to happen. It's gone well, everyone is happy, we got the footage in the can. We were on schedule, on budget, working smoothly, calmly and professionally."

"One thing puzzles me. Three weeks into a six week shoot on a picture that was under-budgeted and under-scheduled, I was getting 95% to 99% of everything I visualized. It puzzles me that all of the other directors I've heard talk or I've worked with are only able to

get some 50% of what they imagined on the screen. That's beginning to revise my concept of getting one's personal vision up there. Actually, it seems very easy to get what you want on the screen."

"This is very, very hard work, but I'm losing very little of what I imagined. The guys who are working for me are all busting their buns. Jules Brenner is an extremely skillful and talented cameraman. I'm getting most of what I wanted shot by shot."

O'Bannon promises that (unless the producers drastically recut it) *Return of the Living Dead* should be a visually



Clockwise from opposite page top: The crew of the Churchill explore the craft triggered by Hollow's Comet. An alien abducts staff. These guys really keep Director Tony Scott in Action. Steve Buscemi experiences a strange alienation Coming from a world without thunderclap water results in more than just tushy dancing for the *Galaxy Quest* aliens.

rich, funny & enjoyable movie. He claims most of the shock scenes will use suggestion, thereby helping him break past the explicit gore barrier.

SCREAMING TOTAL RECALL

Still to come are two Philip K. Dick adaptations that O'Bannon has scripted. *Total Recall* (based on Dick's *Wa Can Raramber It for You Wholesale!*) & *Screamers* (based on *Second Variety*). Says O'Bannon, "Phil Dick is a real bear to turn into a screenplay. I've adapted two of his pieces so far. It's very obvious to me why they bogged

down in *Bladerunner* & had to just throw it out the window & write a different story. He is very, very difficult to adapt. It can be done, but obviously not by anybody but me. That's clear by now.

"Dick defies reality on the page in a way that's not obvious. As soon as you have to see it, it becomes impossible. The fact that you're not seeing it, that it's just words on a page, means he can slip certain things by you. That's the way he achieves his best effects—by manufacturing a story hole which is not obvious in the reading. As soon as you try to put it into concrete reality,

however, where you can see it, you get stuck."

O'Bannon questions whether the choice of David Cronenberg to direct *Total Recall* is a wise one or not. "I don't see that Cronenberg has the light touch called for," he says. "Cronenberg is a pretty good director. I especially liked *The Dead Zone*, but *Total Recall* has a completely different style, tone & flavor than Cronenberg's work has. Maybe they need Dick Donner or me, but Donner turned the project down in favor of doing *Ladyhawke* & *Goonies*.

"As far as the story goes, assume that *We Can Raramber It for You Wholesale!* is the first third of the movie. Read the story by Phil Dick. Imagine that as it reaches its conclusion, instead of discovering he's indebted to a bunch of white mice, the story continues into a full-blown novelistic treatment. Having labored eight years on the script, I'm certainly not about to tell you any more of the details.

Screamers has bogged down. They can't find anyone to direct my stuff. It's not a low-budget film. You can't create that bleated, post-nuclear landscape very cheaply, unfortunately. A Boy and His Dog looked like nice, clean desert. It didn't look like a seared, melted, smoking landscape! You'd have to shoot that thing on the slopes of Mt. Etna for *Screamers* to look good."

In *Total Recall*, artificial memories can be inserted into your brain to provide you with dream vacations you could never afford. Unfortunately, things begin to go wrong. One of the subjects undergoing the process is actually a spy who was on another planet, whose memory was erased. Things begin to get complicated from there. In *Screamers*, after the bomb has dropped, killing machines continually devise better, more sophisticated ways of undetectably finishing off the last human survivors. The picture poses the question: Is the person next to you real, or is it a walking time bomb?

With so many interesting projects announced and due to be released, we should be hearing from Dan O'Bannon for a long time to come. His humor will make us laugh (as in *Dark Star*) and his horror will make us jump (as in *Allan*). We can only wonder what surprises he'll have for us next.

DEADLY BLESSING, THE HILLS HAVE EYES, SWAMP THING NOW WES CRAVEN DIRECTS THE

STUFF OF NIGHTMARES

BY DENNIS FISCHER

Wes Craven began his career as a film director by making *The Last House on the Left* and has been making horror films ever since. *Last House* was a rather amateurishly made film but it garnered plenty of attention. Craven came back with *The Hills Have Eyes*, a slicker film which depended less on explicit violence for its shocks and more on the ingenuity of the members of two opposing families who become locked into a deadly battle for survival.

After directing a telefilm (*Stranger in Our House*) with Lee Purcell as a teenaged witch, Craven returned to the theater screens with *Deadly Blessing*, a film which lacked the visceral impact of his earlier features but demonstrated his increasing command of cinematic technique. As a change of pace, he directed *Swamp Thing*, a horror film which featured one of the most likeable and sympathetic monsters ever created. While the film was much loved by young kids and got approving nods from parents, it didn't particularly appeal to the teenaged and young adult audience comprising the majority of moviegoers.

Since *Swamp Thing*, Craven has brought to the screen what he aptly

describes as his "dream project": *A Nightmare on Elm Street*. It is without a doubt Wes Craven's best film thus far and combines all his strengths in a single package. The picture is stylish, inventive, involving, scary, fun and terrifying—unquestionably one of the best horror films of the '80s.

1980-FEAR

1984 was a big year for Wes. In addition to *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, he directed the tv movie *Invitation to Hell* and the forthcoming sequel *The Hills Have Eyes 2*. Pleased that *Nightmare* was doing well, he was able to spend some time going over the trials and tribulations he went thru in getting it made.

Craven came up with the first treatment for *Nightmare on Elm Street* back in 1980 and a year later had a screenplay ready. It went around to all the majors, all the mini-majors, and they didn't see what was there. Bob Shayne, president of New Line Cinema, was the only one who saw the possibilities.

"Then at the last, last minute, two days before production started, the money fell out and it looked like the picture just might collapse. It was really plagued by a lot of difficulties.

"It took 32 days to shoot it. It was supposed to take 30 but about halfway thru we realized we needed another two. We had a relatively small crew, and a very young crew by and large. The cinematographer was a young guy by the name of Jacques Harklin. Jim Doyle did the special effects. They were all in their 30s; 30 was about the oldest."

HOLEY MOLEY

One of the most elaborate effects in the film involved a boy being pulled down into a mysterious hole in the middle of his bed. In the film, the spirit of a vicious killer returns to haunt the nightmares of the children of the parents who killed him. He has the terrible ability to make nightmares become reality. Not only does the boy disappear into the hole but moments later a veritable geyser of blood erupts, encircling the bedroom ceiling. To achieve this colorful effect, Jim Doyle's crew turned the entire bedroom upside down and released a couple hundred gallons of stage blood. Recalled Craven, "Being strapped in a rotating seat with hundreds of gallons of blood pouring right next to you is no picnic." This same room was also used for a scene where the spirit of the killer,



Clockwise from above: Watch out what he uses down there just! The telephone that talked back! Tina Grey walks through her nightmares. See what spending too much time in the bathwater does to your skin!



Fred Krueger, suspends a girl in midair, pinning her to the walls and ceiling.

Craven felt that wires would give the scene an unreal look so once again the room was rotated. Said Craven, "I feel an optical effect, no matter how good—unless it's *Star Wars* or something like that where you obviously know there is no such place—robs from reality somehow. We only had two key opticals in the picture as far as illusion goes."

OF CORPSE!

In addition to Doyle's special effects, the makeup crew also contributed enormously to the picture, creating the corpse-like Krueger, a telephone which has a tongue spring from its mouthpiece and the various effects on Krueger's victims. Craven credits the makeup crew and the art department with working to the point of exhaustion. "We were literally working and sleeping on the set for days at a time without going out," he recalled.

"At one time we had five units that I was directing. It sounds like a gross exaggeration but it's true. What I did is at all times we had three cameras going, shooting different scenes. We had two sync (sound) cameras and a special effects camera. Towards the end, we

brought in more cameras for inserts, so I would have, for instance, Rod's death where he's pulled off the bed in the jail cell. That was very slow going because it was done with special riggings with wires and ropes. We did it by shooting with the camera upside down and then reversing the image on screen. I.e., the sheets that strangle Rod were first wrapped about his neck and then slowly removed. (This shot was then reversed to make it appear as if the sheet was reaching up and strangling Rod of its own volition.)

"So I would be directing main unit on the major part of the set, and then in the corner Rod's death was going on, and over there they'd be doing inserts of Tina being cut or the spiders or whatever it was. Everything was different.

"It really got to be funny. I mean it was a major course in concentration and patience too because I'd be in the middle of a take and somebody would call out, 'We're ready over here.' And I'd say wait there, I'll only be a minute. It was absolutely mad. Everybody was doing two jobs at once, racing around and doing three or four times what normally would be done."

SMOKY THE UNBEARABLE

One of Craven's major concerns was the look of the film. He wanted it to be realistic and yet dreamlike at the same time. "Jacques Kerkil and I looked at a lot of movies so we had a clear consensus on what sort of things I liked and what sort of things I didn't like. We decided beforehand on the lighting techniques, altering them subtly for the dream sequences. We would light trees but we wouldn't light their trunks. That gives them the feeling of floating. We also used a lot of atmosphere, a lot of smoke. We used every kind of smoke you can imagine. We were always going around the set hacking (coughing) all the time because of bee smoke or some other kind.

"From a very wholesome all-American look we'd make a very subtle transition into a dreamlike look where things were just slightly awry and always walter. We were always putting in water when we worked with Freddie (Krueger) so it had that boiler room feeling.

"We also had a tremendously conscientious sound effects editor who went thru and lavished the soundtrack with detail. All those scenes in the boiler room and in the hallways and underground were really just dense



Top: A plangent little reminder that *The Hills Have Eyes* isn't
Right: Director Wes Craven explores his actress Amanda Bearse
that she's got everything upside down in *A Nightmare on Elm Street*



with sound—babies crying, goats, and all sorts of things. That's detail that's felt but not noticeable."

MIND THE MYSTERIOUS

The inspiration for *Nightmare on Elm Street*'s story came out of Craven's own fascination with dreams, which in turn lead him to research the subject. "Dreams are fascinating," he said, "because nobody knows what the mind is doing or what the function is. There are several very loose theories about what the construction of dreams is or the utility of them might be, but for now they have to say, 'Well, it's a mystery,' you know? It's nice having a major element of our life that is still a total mystery."

"I've started getting a lot of ideas from dreams, and that's one of the key pieces ideas come from, right? Just before you fall asleep and right after you wake up—but you're not really awake—is a very fruitful period subconsciously for thought and ideas. The subconscious is very relaxed and very receptive. So those scenes of Nancy when she was half-asleep, and how the telephone had a tongue or Krueger was pressing thru the walls, and all those, I was aware that there was a state that

was pregnant with possibilities.

"I think the reason I ended up doing *Nightmare on Elm Street* was because I realized I really enjoyed dream sequences and you can't do too many in a normal film, so why not base a whole film on that concept of not knowing whether somebody is awake or asleep? There are a million permutations you can do on that."

Dreams figure heavily in Craven's earlier films. In *Leat House*, Weasel dreams that the mother and father take revenge by taking a chisel to his teeth. *Lana in Deadly Blessing* dreams about spiders falling in her mouth. A dream sequence was cut out of *The Hills Have Eyes*. *Swamp Thing* has a very dreamlike feel to it throughout.

CRAVEN NO COWARD

Craven doesn't know what it is that attracts him to the horror genre, and he does expect to go on and do other kinds of films, but he notes, "There's something very nice about the subconscious areas that monsters suggest. I think they're very complex. They're sort of walking symbols; what you see is only the tip of the iceberg. In that sense they are very rich in what you can do with them. The horror scene that most

sticks out in my mind is in *Frankenstein* after the monster has wrecked all this havoc, coming down to the lake and there's this little girl there, and he gives her a flower. There's so much complexity in that very simple scene. I realized from that moment on that there was a tremendous amount of material that was powerful in the horror or monster type film or a film that deals with people who are in some way monstrous, either thru their deeds or thru their looks. In that sense, they're unbounded, unlike in naturalistic films where people are what they are and there's not that much beyond that."

Craven is getting better all the time as a filmmaker and his current films show him to be an accomplished craftsman of the kind that horror films so often sorely lack. He has been weathered by his film experiences, overcoming difficulties and adversities of all sorts. He feels that tackling several film projects in 1984 got his creative juices running high, and who knows what terrain he will explore next? Meanwhile, *MONSTERLAND* readers eagerly await what new dark areas of the human psyche Wes Craven will choose to explore.

WONDERS
OF THE

ACKERMUSEUM

BY PAUL LINDEN



Furry and the submarine Cox Fall from the *Das Boot*, The Lost Continent

kaleidoscope of fabulous lobbycards. "I have 18,000 lobbycards altogether," I was informed, "most of them in the Rainbow Room."

"The Rainbow Room?"

"Outside in the annex to the house. We'll get to that later."

In the meantime, I picked my eyeballs up off the floor and tucked them back into their sockets, in order to accommodate my ogling optics.

"Take your time," said Furry. "Exercise your eyeballs."

My disbelieving eyes beheld each lobbycard on display as: The crimson silhouette of the Devil pointing a pistol at the hero & heroine of A. Merritt's silent cinema adaptation of *Seven Footprints to Satan* in the silent days.

Bela Lugosi as a Hindu swami in *The Return of Chandra* (the serial; episode 2, "The House on the Hill").

The enraged crowd, torches raised on high, intent on destroying Erik at the

climax of *The Phantom of the Opera*.

The "body that never lived" about to be brought to life by the fabulous electrical machinery of the late genius, Kenneth Strickfaden, in the creation scene of the 1931 *Frankenstein* with Colin Clive & Dwight Frye in the laboratory with the shrouded supine figure of the monster.

What looks like 8 monsters attacking a white bearded black man in a pool in a silent German film I'm not familiar with, *The Matriarch of the World* (a serial; chapter 2, "The Race for Life").

The *Horrors of Hell* depicted in the Spencer Tracy version of Dantes's Inferno.

Boris Karloff as *The Ghoul*, a lost film for many years till a copy finally surfaced in Czechoslovakia and worked its way to America via Belgium.

The Island of Lost Souls—ah! Charles Laughton giving evil instructions to one of the manimals.

Jon Hall as *The Lion Man* with Kathleen Burke, the *Panther Woman* of

Last issue Paul Linden time-traveled back to the '60s when he first visited the original Ackermuseum and talked about (and breathed life back into) the Harryhausen lighthouse that was wrecked by the rhinoceroses and the L.A. earthquake of 1970, the wallpaper with the imaginary book titles like "It Came from Outer Space" by Herb Condiment, "The Return of the Fly" by I. Sautter, "The Hunchback & The Notorious Dame" by Crazy Mode; the Thing in the Beast Cellar, otherwise known as the Blob from "Don't Open Till Doomsday" (Outer Limits), and Collectors' Items from King Kong, Invasion of the Saucer-Men, The Werewolf of London, and many more fantastic items of filmmonster memorabilia. Now Linden returns to 1985.

As I was ushered in (no, not by Edgar Allan Poe but Furry Ackerman) to the House in the Twilight Zone, I experienced instant Overload. "And this is just the tip of the iceberg," Furry said of the small room with the IBM Selectric III in the center, surrounded by a



Above: Photo of the Seven Parts of Dr. Lao

Left: The Creature from the Black Lagoon as he looks today, preserved for posterity, thanks to presenters in the Ackermann's Movie Memorabilia in Griffith Park, Hollywood.

Below: A photograph of the office Ackers some years ago by Ray Kinn. Most paintings are by his partner sculptor/artist Frank R. Paul.



the original screen version of H.G. Wells' "Island of Dr. Moreau".

The albino ape—White Pongol

Paul (The Gorilla) Wegener in the little-known Dr. Tarror's House of Horror of the '30s.

A lobby card from the silent SHE!

A color still of Lorre, Karloff & Chaney Jr. from the "Owllet" segment of TV's *Route 66*.

Too much for the eye to encompass! I am led, staggering, elsewhere in the maze that is the Ackermann.

THE CREATURE FROM THE ACK LAGOON

My feet find their way to a door which designates the Daugherty Room.

Dr. Daugherty, better known as the photographer of the "mon-stars", is the same age as Forry and has been a friend of his since the late '30s. He built the shelves in this trophy room and here behind glass I immediately spot the Creature from the Black

Lagoon. Forry tells me an amazing story of how he came to acquire this particular treasure.

"After the third & final Creature film had been completed at Universal, a janitor was sweeping up the debris on the dead set and, as the head, feet & claws of 'Blacky LaGoon' were rolling around beneath his broom, he thought to himself, 'My kid would probably like these,' so he took home the scattered, tattered remnants of what had once been a \$35,000 suit.

"The janitor's son, a preteener, used the head & claws for trick or treat for a couple of Halloweens and then outgrew his interest in the Creature.

"He sold Blacky to a boy down the block for \$5.00.

"When I heard about that I called up the boy and said, 'Hey, kid, how'd you like to double your investment?'

"He laughed. He knew who I was. 'Oh, Mr. Ackerman,' he said, 'I'll probably

get tired of the Creature myself one of these days, and when I do I'll give it to you for your museum.'

"Well, I decided not to hold my breath waiting. I figured he'd forget about it, and I'd never really get what was left of Blacky. But one day a few years later the boy did phone me—if perchance he should read these words I wish he'd contact me and let me know his name so I can put an acknowledgement of the gift beside Blacky. He said he was ready to let go of the prop. I would have promptly hopped in my car and driven out to San Fernando valley to rescue Blacky if I thought there was any danger of losing him, but it was a long drive and the boy said he'd be coming into Hollywood in a few days anyway and would be glad to deliver the Creature to me.

"Returning home a few nights later, I found a note attached to the front door: Mr. Ackerman: I was here with the Creature, sorry I missed you.

"I called the boy the next morning and my heart nearly stopped when he said, 'My car was in for repair and I rented a loaner last night to come over to your place. When I didn't find you home, I took the car back to where I rented it and left it there, forgetting that your Creature was in the trunk.'

"I held my breath. Had someone else rented the car in the meantime, discovered the Creature and dropped dead of fright—or—worse—realized what they'd found and made off with it for themselves? But the next words were reassuring: 'It was still there, alright, and I'll bring it over to you tonight if you're going to be home.'

"Well, I did have this date with Marilyn Monroe, but I figured I could see Marilyn any time, so I broke it. I hope this wasn't what broke her heart and drove her to suicide, but I would have killed myself if I'd lost such a priceless artifact! When I say 'priceless', you understand I don't mean it had any monetary value to me—after all, I'm giving my entire collection away for a public museum—what I mean is, it shouldn't have been lost to that portion of posterity that appreciates film/monster memorabilia."

(N) FORTHCOMING ISSUES: Descent to Grislyland. Inside the Garage Mahal (Son of Taj). Life Masks of the Horror Greats (Chaney Jr., Rathbone, Tor Johnson, more). Sssssss...dinosaurs by Delgado from Son of Kong...Haryhausen's Ymir...and artifacts & artwork beyond belief.

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NEWS ITEMS

CROSSED UNIVERSES

Jean Arey really started something with her *Doctor and the Enterprise*. First it ran as a series in *Enterprise*, then as a book. Now it has sort of given birth to a whole new book series: *Crossed Universes*. This series will be edited by Jean's friend and media fan personality Laure Heldeman. It should really capture the imagination of film and television fans everywhere, featuring as it does incredibly funny and highly fantastic crossovers between the fictional universes of all sorts of heroes. The range is truly incredible—there will be settings in which the crew of the starship Enterprise, Doctor Who and various other worthies show up at Hill Street, or the MASH surgeon meets the Battlestar colonists, or...well, the possibilities are really endless. And the writing is good! The art is humorous and perfectly fits the tone of the stories. This is a book you will not want to miss. Fans will love it...dealers will love the profits...and distributors will rake in the money. All in the worthwhile cause of paying tribute to fantastic characters and developing excellent new writers and artists.

THE DOCTOR WHO FILE

What could be more natural? John Peel has been producing volumes dedicated to *The Avengers*, *UNCLE*, *Gerry Anderson* and many more. John is the editor of *Fantasy Empire* and a founder of DWAS (The Doctor Who Appreciation Society in England). Naturally, he is producing a similar set of books for every fan's favorite travellers of time and space. Featuring detailed season guides, loads of interviews and tons of behind-the-scenes information.

FORRY AND THE BEAST

Think of the ideal book. Loads of pictures of beautiful women, classic monsters and the masters of the movie screen. Forrest J. Ackerman has gathered a collection of the most beautiful—courageous or frightened—women ever to dance across the silver screen and coupled them with some truly wicked monsters. Plus he has included the anecdotes that only Mr. Monster himself can provide. Forry fans everywhere—as well as practitioners of good taste—will love this one. Also available in a limited, signed and numbered edition.

MORE CHANGES FOR SF MOVIELAND

Several new columns will grace the pages of future issues of *SF Movieland*. A serious effort is being made to make this magazine really special—after all, it is the only publication of its kind produced in the heart of movieland itself, Hollywood (well, technically Studio City). But there are actually more studios around here than in Hollywood. The reader should know that he is indeed getting something special, just as he is promised. Proximity to key people and happenings coupled with closer relationships with media people will make all this possible. New

columns, Direct from Hollywood and Inside SF Movieland will take readers into the confidence of actors, producers and directors, as well as the special effects people who help make movie magic. The first column will offer news items too hot to fit into our regular news section, hotter than any reported elsewhere—and it will appear on specially colored paper so that readers can easily locate the important items. The other column is an open line that will let readers know what happens at special screenings, awards ceremonies, industry dinners and other key events. Readers are also invited to call and get together with the publisher when they are in town, and perhaps get to attend a special event themselves. Add this to contests, exciting graphics and inclusive articles and interviews, this is one magazine that shouldn't be missed.

A VERY SPECIAL CONTEST ON THE HORIZON

SF Movieland and Forrest J. Ackerman's *Monsterland* will be holding a very special contest in the very near future. Forry believes very strongly in developing new talent, and when Steven Spielberg suggested a contest for special effects artists, Forry jumped on the idea. The judges will be Joe Dante of *Gremlins* fame (one of the hottest directors working today), John Bechler (director of the upcoming *Trolls* and makeup man for scores of genre flicks) and Forry himself. Forry will gather the entries, they will be screened by John and the winner will be selected by Joe. The winner and a parent will be flown to Hollywood, put up and fed at a local hotel, receive a special tour of the Ackerman's, Universal Studios and Disney Studios, meet with Joe Dante, make up the *Ackermanstar* in an original creation and be made up by wizard John Bechler! Complete details on this contest will be available in upcoming issues of Forrest J. Ackerman's *Monsterland* and *SF Movieland*.

IT SOLD OUT AGAIN...

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KING SIZE INTERVIEW PART II



A TALK WITH CHARLES GRANT

GRANT: What do you think of the film version of *Cujo*?

KING: It's one of the scariest things you'll ever see. It's terrifying! *Cujo* was an independent production with Dee Wallace playing the part of Donna Trent. She played the mommy in *E.T.* It was directed by Lewis Teague. I think this guy is the most unsung film director in America. You never hear his name brought up at parties. Teague did *The Lady in Red* and *Alligator*. He also did a picture called *Fighting Back*. He has absolutely no shame and no moral sense. He just wants to go get ya and I relate to that!



TRUE GRUE WORSE THAN "BOO!"

GRANT: What kind of literature do you read?

KING: I read a little bit of everything. I read some mysteries when I get a chance, although I'm more apt to buy mysteries, put them on the shelf and say, "I ought to read that." I read a fair amount of horror and I like straight novels. I read very little nonfiction because it's all too frightening.

GRANT: Do you read every day, like you write?

KING: Yes. A day without a book is like a day without sunshine!

COCA-GHOULA

GRANT: How hard are you trying to convince your readers that the situations in your books are real?

KING: I'm very aware that when you work in this field, eventually you cross a line where everything becomes unbelievable. That is to say, the national audience knows that there aren't any traditional vampires—creatures who live thousands of years and rise at night. I think in terms of unconventional vampires; literal vampires who may not be immortal. At least we hope they are

not immortal. They may have a brain hamomhege. I'm aware that between reality and unreality you have to stitch a seam and I try to make that seam as fine as possible so the reader steps over it. I like the whole illusion of reality. When you play with fantasy, and if you do it in a certain way, it highlights it even more.

I'll give you an example. I've been working on a novel off and on for a long, long time. I wrote a scene that I like as well as anything I've ever done. There's a Coca-Cola dispensing machine in the book. It's sort of a thinking Coke machine because this kid has put all kinds of circuits and memory chips in it and the thing runs on a great big Delco tractor battery. It levitates and cruises around the country roads, very slowly in this ghastly silence—the red & white Coke machine with the sun glimmering off the glass panel from which the bottles come out. Every now and then it will find a pedestrian and run him down.

One of the main characters is a real wimp. I was glad to see him go. He's a reporter and his car stalls. He's walking along and here comes the Coke machine. It's early morning and it is cruising about 6' above the ground

with its shadow behind it. The machine eases the men and begins to speed up until it's going really fast—like zero to 60 in 5 seconds.

Coke machines are really big refrigerators. They weigh about 500 pounds; more if somebody has been putting money into them. So it hits the guy, and he's like a bug on a windshield. He's just smashed on the front of this Coke machine and the glass panel is broken and all of the money is coming out of the coin return.

That was it for me. I could see it. It was just there and it was absurd but at the same time it had weight and reality for me. I like that. That's all I know. I like the way unreality smells and feels as well as the way it looks.

HELP!

GRANT: Who do you go to for criticism or help on your writing? Say you have a rough draft you're not sure of. Who helps?

KING: I go to my wife because she's there in the house and because I trust her. There are two kinds of critics. There is the kind who tells you he doesn't like something but can't tell you why. Then there are critics who

Carrie sometimes descended from The Brain from Planet Arcturus. — quote attributed to Stephen King



Screenplay for *Carrie* called for an *ageless* cross-adaptation of the novel.

point out what is wrong and then show you how to fix it. That's what a good editor is supposed to do.

GRANT: Have you ever been rewritten without your knowledge?

KING: I don't think so, but I've had things dropped. You never see the continuity lapses, of course, until after the book has been published. Then you go Ouch! There's a scene in *Christina*, by the way, when the bad guy, Buddy Rapperton, drives into a garage with his cuckoo friends & bashes this other fellow's car. He drives into the garage in a Camaro, I think, and comes out in a Duster. Oh...

GRANT: How are you coming along on the screenplay for *The Stand*?

KING: Let me run this down as well as I can. When I met George Romero I really liked him. We came to an agreement that we would try to do this thing so I wrote a draft. The original draft was half as long as the book, which means that instead of 800 or 900 pages of novel, I had 400 pages of screenplay. The rule of thumb for screenplays is that one page equals one minute of running time. A 400-page screenplay comes out to something like 6 hours and 40 minutes on the screen.

Can't be done. Another problem is

what one Warner Bros. executive referred to as "spill & fill," which is one of the ugliest phrases I've ever heard. What it means is that a picture cannot make money unless it can be turned over enough times in one day, & particularly during that time period when there's someone other than people using Golden Age passes, JDs skipping school & people who have come from their bowling league in the afternoon to see the picture. You've got to be able to get in two evening shows, and sometimes three in the big cities. I heard from one Warner Bros. guy that the reason *The Shining* didn't get into the black until the release abroad was that it was 2 hours and 15 minutes long, so in a lot of cities they cut the last show. After 11:00 pm the babysitter goes on double time & it becomes a problem.

So I did a second draft of the screenplay & it came out to about 300 pages long. This was better. We also talked a little about the way to go with it, the novel for television idea. But the networks don't want to see the end of the world, particularly in prime time. Advertisers don't want to sponsor the end of the world. Cable didn't have enough money. For a long time I pushed for

doing it in two sections—Stand I & Stand II. I thought it would be possible to build a big artificial climax in the middle that would satisfy audiences for the time being. If it was all shot at once, the films could be released maybe 3 months or a season apart. The final decision was to go for a very long feature film. I have to try to cut my 300 pages of screenplay in half. I think I know how to do it now but I don't relish the idea because I know that some of the characters will get squeezed. The film is going to happen.

GRANT: Is it true that your wife retrieved Carrie from the garbage?

KING: Yes. Tabby took Carrie out of the trashcan, she really did. There are critics who would argue that perhaps she should have left it there. Anyway, I was working in laundry when that happened & I had written a lot of horror stories for men's magazines. We got married young, had a kid right away and a second kid almost right after that. I was making the princely sum of \$60 or \$70 a week & getting all the overtime I could. The only thing that was really keeping our heads above water were these stories for men's magazines. I've autographed a few of those & it always gives me a cold shudder to think about



Like This? Listen to the CD of King's *Carrie* (Hyperion, \$14.98) or *Firestarter* (Hyperion, \$14.98) or *It* (Hyperion, \$14.98), all of the 2001 *Entertainment Weekly* Gold 100™ albums.

where I was when I wrote those stories. My underwear had holes in it in those days.

Anyway, one of my college friends, who was still in college and could therefore still afford literary scruples, came to me and said, "Why are you writing all of this macho crap?" I explained that they were sort of macho magazines & the stories didn't sell too well to *Cosmopolitan*. "You couldn't write about a woman if you tried," he said. "You don't have any feminine sensibility at all." I told him I could do it if I wanted to, but he didn't think so. I said that if you're a writer & a realist about what you're doing, you can do nearly anything you want. In fact, the more of a pragmatist & the more of a carpetbagger you are, the better you can do it.

Here's an example that I think proves my case. There was a pulp writer named Frank Gruber who once accepted a challenge & wrote a story that was accepted in one of these trendy literature magazines. He was hailed as the new Faulkner, but he just did it on a dare. He wrote just this one story & then went back to writing his regular crap.

I had said I could do it, so I sat down and started writing a short story & that short story was *Carrie*. It had a kind of fairytale structure & it was going to be a story about a girl who did a terrible

thing but who was justified because she had been driven mad by all the teasing. I kept having this image of a bear being belted by a bunch of dogs that were snarling and biting at him—at her. I saw immediately that it was going to be too long for the market, but at the same time I didn't have time to write a novel. I couldn't invest that much time in a project that might not make money. I was getting \$200 for the short stories & that kept the phone in the house and bought medicine for the kids. So I wrote 2 or 3 pages, but kept running into mundane problems.

I realized I was making my entry into a woman's world where I would have to deal with many things that I had never considered before. The guy was probably right—"I can't do it." So I tossed it & Tabby picked it out of the wastebasket and read it. She was amused. I think she liked it but I think she was more amused.

Samuel Johnson once made a comment about women preachers, that they were like dancing dogs. It wasn't that you wanted to see it done well, you were just amused to see it done at all. She asked me to go with it, which I did. Several times during the course of that book Tabby was able to supply doorways at crucial moments. One of those moments was the thing at the prom where I really wanted to reap destruction on these people. I couldn't think of how it was going to happen. Tabby was the one who suggested using the amplifiers and electrical equipment from the rock band.

GRANT: When you've finished a project or are midway thru one, have you ever seen someone else come out with the same idea?

KING: Yes. It happened with *The Stand*. There was a guy named Terry Nation who published a book called *Survivors*. It was exactly the same thing. Isn't that the worst?

GRANT: Yeah.

KING: Yeah. (laughter) Did it?

GRANT: Yeah.

KING: Coke Machine?

GRANT: *Firestarter*.

KING: Charlie, I'm sorry! But I'm not too sorry!

GRANT: We had the same agent at the time. I told Kirby McCauley about my great idea to rip-off *Carrie*. Only this time the guy starts fires, burns down the high school and then the whole town. It was really neat. There was a long pause before I asked him what was the matter. He said, "I got this manuscript from Steve called *Firestarter*..."

NEXT ISSUE: Charlee Grant resumes talking to Stephen King about his amazing worlds of fantasy & horror.

TOHO TAKES A GIANT STEP:

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KIRK WESTERBERG
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GODZILLA



Japan must just be an unlucky country. It is the only nation on the face of the earth to ever suffer nuclear attack. As if that isn't enough, it has also endured the ravages of more monsters than any other land. Gigantis, The Fire Monster, King Kong, The Greatest Simian of All, Mothra, Ghidorah, The Three-Headed Monster, Rodan, Ebirah, Horror of the Deep, Minya, Son of Godzilla, Angurus, also known as Anguilla, Baragon, Gorosaurus, Manda, Varan, Spiega, The Giant Spider, Gabara, Hedora, The Smog Monster, Megalon, Mechagodzilla, The Cosmic Monster, Titanosaurus and, of course, Godzilla. Godzilla is the greatest monster of all, sometimes hero and sometimes villain, and the star of fifteen movies.

Godzilla, Godzilla's Counterattack, King Kong vs. Godzilla, Godzilla vs. Mothra, Ghidorah, Invasion of the Astro-Monsters, Godzilla vs. The Sea Monster, Son of Godzilla, Destroy All Monsters, Godzilla's Revenge, Godzilla vs. The Smog Monster, Godzilla vs. Gigan, Godzilla vs. Megalon, Godzilla vs. Mechagodzilla, Terror of Mechagodzilla—all of these showcase the terror let loose on the islands as Godzilla fought for or against the Japanese people. He began as the total terror, the enemy of all. But by 1975 he had almost become benevolent, protecting the islands of the Lion King from marauding monsters and attacking aliens. After 1975 the Japanese thought themselves safe. He was not heard from again and neither were the seeming hordes of giant reptiles, mechanical monstrosities, killer androids, invading aliens and other terror-laden dangers. But now everything has changed.







As we reported last issue, on the 30th Anniversary of the arrival of the King of Monsters, Godzilla was sighted once again.

Toho's new version of Godzilla opened in December in Japan. Budgeted at \$5.2 million, the revived monster is evil once again, attacking both American and Soviet atomic-powered naval vessels and precipitating a potential world war as a consequence. Directed by Koji Hashimoto and starring Ken Tenske, Yaeko Sawaguchi, Keiji Kobayashi and Kunio Muroki, the special effects were handled by Akiyoshi Nakano. The new Godzilla is bigger and better(!). He appears to weigh 5 tons instead of the old 2 and is 80 metres tall instead of 50 metres as in previous films. The old Godzilla was an obvious actor in a monster suit but the new creation is a robot, weighing over a ton, five metres high and filled with computerized controls.

To commemorate the return of the behemoth, millions thronged the streets of Tokyo as the new monster shook the avenues. Towering over the parades during the weeklong exhibition of Godzilliana: posters, art, magazines, books, games, toys, records, figurines, cards, films, videotapes! The buildings trembled and crowds screamed.

Taking pity on those who have missed the festivities, MONSTERLAND is presenting a special full-color eight page section of fantastic scenes from Toho's new fave-pic. With luck, and the unfortunate demise of America's own new Godzilla flick (which was to have fantastic designs by William Stout!), this extravagance should hit American screens. But until then enjoy...





MONSTER KING 35



The Godzilla stomp
of approval







OF MORLOCKS AND MARTIANS



By
Paul
Davids

I first had the privilege of meeting George Pal in the fall of '89 when I had a fellowship for the opening year of the American Film Institute's Center for Advanced Film Studies, in Beverly Hills. I organized a retrospective of his feature films and arranged a George Pal Seminar, which Forrest J Ackerman attended (and which Fury wrote about in *Famous Monsters* 68). Several years later, my wife, Hollace Davids, coordinated a marathon retrospective of the George Pal Puppetoons as part of the Los Angeles International Film Exposition (FILMEX).

In the decade that followed, the last decade of his life, we were fortunate in being able to write for him. Every

moment spent with George Pal was a time of inspiration, a time of dreaming and invention, of exploring the recesses of mind in search of illuminating and wonderful ideas.

We often wished we could have met George Pal during his golden years of the early 1950s when he was making one picture after another with scarcely a pause. In those days, he was busy bringing both beautiful and dark dreams to life for millions of moviegoers around the world, back when we were just trading in our tricycles for two-wheelers with training wheels.

LURKING IN THE DARK

George Pal (1908-1980), who left a

wonderful legacy of fantasy and science fiction films, made a very special contribution to the world of cinema monsters.

In George Pal's visionary worlds, the beautiful and the horrifying exist side by side, dependent upon one another for their very existence. There's often a gentle and childlike aspect to much of his work, most apparent in his Puppetoons and the dancing toys in *Tom Thumb*. But undeniably there's also the demonic, frightening and terrifying—the MONSTERS.

Taken as a group, the monsters in George Pal's movies form a wonderful collection of bizarre personalities and species. A simple list would include



the following:

- the Martians of *War of the Worlds*
- the Morlocks of *The Time Machine*
- the dragon from *Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*
- the sea serpent of Dr. Lao
- the snake men of Dr. Lao
- the Medusa of Dr. Lao
- the killer Marabunta ants in *The Nakad Jungle*
- the beast men of *Atlantis*
- the green snake creature in *Doc Savage*.

DESTINATION: MONSTERS

His widow, Mrs. Zsoka Pal, recently explained to me that it was rather accidental that George had ventured into the world of creatures. "Early in his career, George had never done anything with monsters. He began with the Puppets in Europe and then produced over 40 of them for Paramount. He wanted to make the switch to feature production. After making *The Great Rupert*, he was delighted that Eagle-Lion finally said yes to *Destination Moon*, which had already been turned down many places. He had wanted to make the film for a long time, because he was convinced, in the early 1940s, that someday we would walk on the moon and explore the planets. *Destination Moon* was his first science fiction picture, in 1950. When that was so successful, George decided not to argue with success. He began making film adaptations of famous science fiction books—*When Worlds Collide* by Philip Wylie and then HG Wells' *War of the Worlds*. That was actually his first pic-

ture to have a monster in it, and George had already been making movies for over 20 years."

In fact, in *War of the Worlds*, the full body of the Martian was shown only once, in the famous "farmhouse" scene. Author Gail Morgan Hickman (who wrote "The Filme of George Pal") reports that the creature was constructed of paper-mache and rubber tubing by Charles Gemora, who wore the outfit in the film (standing on his knees). The Martian alien had long, skinny arms, three-fingered hands with suction cups, and one big eye in the center of an oblong-shaped head (a shape roughly adapted for E.T. three decades later). It was all the more frightening because of the dramatic buildup leading up to its entrance and the fact that it shows up in an absolutely tantalizing scene.

THE MENACE FROM MARS

The leads, Gene Barry and Ann Robinson, have escaped from the onslaught of Martian war machines in a small plane. They've crash-landed, taken refuge in a country farmhouse, and watch terrified as more meteor-shaped objects plow into the surrounding land. From each of those objects come more war machines, the gold and green hovering saucer-like vehicles which ride on electronic beams and unleash death-rays from snake-like metallic scanning blasters. Death seems imminent. A Martian, exploring the farmhouse, lays a red tri-digital hand on Ann Robinson's shoulder. She screams and the alien scurries off, seemingly afraid



Left: The dying instant of a crushed Martian.

Above: 22 years later, Ann Robinson, the innocent heroine, returns a moment of terror from *War of the Worlds* as the Akkermanson.

of her.

He seems so frail, that little Martian creature, perhaps half the size of a man. His appearance foreshadowed the fate of the Martian race at the end, when they all fall ill and succumb to the bacteria of our atmosphere.

Our only other glance at the creature is at the very end of the film. A war machine crashes into a building and blocks a Los Angeles street. The lower hatch of the vehicle opens. We see only the three-fingered hand and appendage of the alien as it slowly, gaspingly tries to reach outside. But then death comes and the arm freezes in position, turning a sickening white. Civilization has been saved from the monstrous threat.

The *Nakad Jungle* in 1954 offered viewers a chance to gasp at very real monsters, the dreaded Marabunta killer ants. Five years later he embarked on his second Wells adaptation, *The Time Machine*. It featured the Morlocks, hairy humanoids with luminescent eyes. George drew the original conception of these creatures, in a color painting which accompanies this article.

THE SHAPES OF THINGS TO COME

Wells envisioned a future era, long after the fatal world war, in which humanity would have branched off into two sub-species, the Eloi and the Morlocks. The Eloi a race of helpless, childlike, fair blond people, bred like cattle by the underground Morlocks. The Morlocks herd them, summoning them to assemble at the sound of an air raid siren. Remembering their an-



Above: The mutinous Morlocks of the forlorn future discovered at the end of the ride in *The Time Machine*. Right: The briefly glimpsed Strider from *Mars vs. the Moors*.

cessors' instructions always to take refuge underground at the sound of that siren, the Eliot march in a trance-like state, like lemmings to the sea or lambs to the slaughter, down into the underground caverns. There they are cooked and prepared to the Morlocks' tastes.

The final design and construction of the Morlocks was by William Tuttle. He gave the Morlocks a semi-Neanderthal appearance. Shaggy white hair flowed from their scalps, arms and legs, as in the George Pal drawing, but Bill Tuttle gave them bare, hairless chests. Their stumpy hands and feet had claw-like nails. The only clothing they wore was a skirt-like loincloth. Their mouths had a harelip shape, exposing long, crooked teeth. The noses were wide and flat, and their eyes glowed in the dark, sensitive to any unwelcome lights.

STOP-MOTION MONSTERS

With the exception of *Atlanta, the Lost Continent*, which used makeup and form-fitted masks for its beastmen (men who were turned into enslaved work animals), the Pal movies that followed the HG Wells projects emphasized the stop-motion animation technique. This technique had been explored by Willis King, Keung O'Brien and perfected by Ray Harryhausen in films as diverse as *Twenty Million Miles to Earth* and *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. George himself had been a pioneer of stop-motion, of course, in both the Puppets and his first feature film, *The Great Rupert* (which had a stop-motion animated squirrel).

However, for the most part, George's earliest efforts never explored the high-realism technique used for movie creatures. His was a fantasy variety, in which his toy-like Puppetoon characters were moved one frame at a time as they were animated, and their heads were switched between frame exposures to adjust expressions. In George Pal stop motion, a Puppetoon's head might be changed 30 times to show a smile erupting into a yawn which then changes into a laugh (see the Yawning Man, or Confucius in *Tom Thumb*). In the O'Brien and Harryhausen methods, the same puppet has flexibility built into all joints, the jaw, eyes, tongue and facial muscles. They never pop the heads of the puppets on and off to create expression. Sometimes, for that reason, the Harryhausen creatures show relatively limited facial changes, whereas in early George Pal Puppetoon stop motion, the emphasis is on exaggerated, extreme cartoon-like expressions.

OF GRIMM CHALLENGES

& AN ARRAY OF ANIMATORS

Ray Harryhausen had worked for Mr. Pal early in his career, on the Puppetoons that were produced as shorts for Paramount. When George was finally ready to apply the stop motion animation technique for beasts in his fantasy epics, Ray was too busy with his own projects. That's when a new stop motion talent, Jim Danforth, got his early breaks.

The first challenge was the jeweled



dragon, for the fairy tale sequence called "The Singing Bone" in *The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm*. Wah Chang built the dragon using techniques Ray Harryhausen had applied for all his memorable creatures, including the famous Cyclops and Dragon in *Savannah Voyage*. First the creature was sculpted meticulously in clay. A plaster cast was made. A ball-&-socket jointed metal skeleton interior was then created, which matched perfectly the dimensions of the completed sculpture cast. The skeleton was fitted within the mold, which was then pumped full of liquid foam rubber and baked for several hours in an oven. Often, with this process, many foam rubber castings need to be poured, because of air pockets or premature hardening of the compound inside the mold.

Finally, the finished model was removed from the mold, so detailing could be added and final painting accomplished. In this case, tiny jewels were fitted over the dragon's body.



*AbOVE: George Pal (right) with director Michael Anderson on location during filming of *Doc Savage*—The Man of Bronze. Left (L to R): Zekiya (Mrs. J. Pal) Gao, Lee Tremayne, Ann Rehearsal at the Hollywood 25th Anniversary re-enactment of *War of the Worlds*. (Photo by Walter J. Dougherty)*

Reportedly, Jim Danforth accomplished most of the *llaika* animation of the dragon, with David Pol and Don Sahlin also contributing. This is where painstaking calculations of movement are necessary, to give personality and character to the beast. It has to match the style of the film, an immense challenge. In *Grimm* (and again later in *Caveman*, a Larry Turman/David Foster Production), a certain light-hearted touch was necessary. *Caveman*, however, was an outright lampoon (Jim Danforth commenced work on the project, which was then completed by David Allan). The Grimm dragon by contrast had a subtle, deft humor to its movements, but it wasn't a parody. That dragon differs considerably in its personality from the classical realism of Harryhausen's *Savannah Voyage of Sinbad* dragon.

How does one give a creature a distinct "fairy tale" quality that distinguishes it from the more sober approach of an action-adventure project or serious myth? That's the enormous and complex stylistic problem which today faces the small fraternity of stop motion animators such as Jim Danforth, David Allen, Mark Wolf, Steven Archer, Harry

Walton, Dennis Muran and the teams of Industrial Light & Magic, as well as Richard Edlund's Environmental Effects Group and Hoyt Yantman's Dreamquest. Each of the pivotal moments of expression have to be painstakingly calculated, just like the "key" animation drawings in a Mickey Mouse cartoon.

LAO & BEHOLD

The sea serpent in *The Seven Faces of Dr. Lao* is another example from a George Pal film of superb stop motion from Jim Danforth. The serpent was shown growing from the form of a fish. Beginning the size of a goldfish, it kept growing until it was gargantuan and sprouted 7 heads, each resembling one of the "faces" of Dr. Lao.

Dr. Lao also features stop motion in the enekeman saquance. One of the attractions at Dr. Lao's circus is a snake creature with a face like that of one of the human characters. The snake represents the human's alter ego, a mirror image of the man which speaks truth instead of lies.

Though the snake man was done with stop motion effects, some of the Dr. Lao characters were done mainly with makeup and mechanical accessories. That includes the Medusa, who had a

head of snakes instead of hair. Audiences thrilled to Tony Randall's performance as Medusa in George Pal's *Savan Faces* of Dr. Lao nearly 20 years before they saw Ray Harryhausen's brilliant interpretation of her in *Clash of the Titans*.

CARTOON CREATURES

Once in a rare while cartoon animation effects are used to create a movie monster. An early example was the "Id" monster in *Forbidden Planet*, where Walt Disney artists participated in the MGM project.

In *Doc Savage*, George Pal found a way to use the cartoon technique of the "Id" monster to convey a deadly supernatural glowing green snake. The snake was painted on cels and, using a rotoscope process, was layered over footage of a live actor, who recited in horror as the snake crept up on him and even seemed to slither thru midair. By slightly over-exposing the cels, a "glow" effect was created. Though the snake doesn't have the carefully defined personality of the puppet monsters in other movies, it definitely strikes fear and terror into our hearts.

MRS. PAL'S PERSPECTIVE

"In spite of all the creatures in his feature films, actually my husband

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

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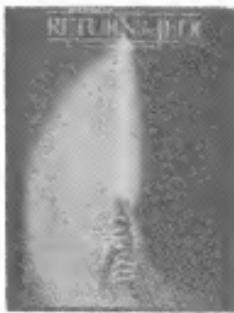
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ANSWERMAN

BY ERIC HOFFMAN

LIL TACKER (daughter of Tiny Naylor? ye ed) wants to know something about a 1958 horror chiller, *Giant from the Unknown*.

Giant from the Unknown had a mountain community terrorized by a series of mysterious killings of both humans and animals. At the same time a group of scientists (Ed "Space Patrol" Kemmer, Sally Fraser and Morris Ankrum) are looking for the remains of Vergas, a gigantic Spanish conquistador. Well, as you may guess, it's Vergas who is behind all the terror, still alive, very nasty and very, very deadly. Buddy Beer played the towering terror with his aged-in-centuries look courtesy of makeup master Jack Pierce!

TOM DELOPERA wants to know if Lon Chaney Jr. appeared in the 1944 fantastic comedy *Ghost Catchers*, which starred the crazy comedy team of Olsen & Johnson.

Cheney Jr. certainly did appear in *Ghost Catchers*. He was one of a gang of crooks trying to scare heroines Glorie Jean and Martha O'Driscoll and father Walter Catlett out of a house in New York. The gang dressed up in very strange costumes and Cheney was no exception. He turned up in a bear's suit!



Above: Lon Chaney Jr. in *Ghost Catchers* says to Andy Devine: "I know they're friendly folks but we gotta have 'em." To Devine, Andy just gave him a kiss. Left:



Above: Buddy Rose as the Spanish giant who kidnapped the wife of his victim in *Giant from the Unknown*, one of the great all-time B-movie thrillers (remade as *Attack of the Headless Kids*).

Right: The dismembered head looks odd compared to the fact that they are of The Frozen Dead.

Below right: Things are looking bad for Virginia Leith in the fiery climax of *The Brain that Wouldn't Die*.



A young lady named HEDY MARIA writes, "I remember a movie, *The Frozen Dead*, that featured a woman's living decapitated head. But wasn't there another film with a similar disembodied lady?"

Absolutely correct, Hedy. You obviously have a head for these kind of pictures. The film you asked about was *The Brain that Wouldn't Die* (1962), one of the all-time great gorefests. The plot (what there was of it) told of dedicated surgeon and part-time mad scientist Herb Evers (who changed his name to Jason Evans... but he still couldn't escape this turkey), who specializes in transplants. When his fiancée (Virginia Leith) loses her head in an auto accident, Evers keeps her head alive in his secret home/workshop, intending to kill another woman to give Virginia a new body. Not too happy about just being a head with no means of support, or about her boyfriend's homicidal plans, Virginia helps bring things to an end by getting a creature composed of Evers' past failures to literally come out of the closet and destroy everything and everyone. A sequel was planned but headway on filming it was never made.

The Frozen Dead (1967) featured Dana Andrews in a grim story of a group of Third Reich henchmen who plan to revive a frozen army of Nazi soldiers. The lady who loses her head in this one is the heroine's girlfriend, Tylenol, anyone?



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Our First Letter!

MONSTERLAND is a dream come true. Due to the very reasons you relinquished FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, so did I, albeit with issue #13. In my case, I quit for three reasons. First, I finally got a letter printed. Second, I thought the copy was getting too cryptic, not to mention puerile. Third, I was frustrated by not being able to write back to all those readers who sieged me in #13's letterbox.

Fifteen year old suffer writer's block all too easily. MONSTERLAND has figuratively returned me to the Ackermannson. Chey, so I got a letter printed (I'm over that now. Now I have lots of letters printed). The copy in MONSTERLAND is exhilarating rather than puerile. Firstly, as you can see, I'm no longer at a loss for words.

Since I've got your attention, I may as well addend this letter with the following, originally written on August 10, 1983. I found out that FMDF no longer existed, so this has languished in my files until now. It's eleven years late, but here it is:



Steven Feldman

Dear Forty

I don't know why I'm writing this except that maybe now, on my (and your magazine's) 25th birthday, I finally realize the ignominious defeat I suffered at your hands in 1973. You may not recall the dazzling, uncensored letter you included as part of your mammoth coveytover overview of The Exorcist in FMDF #10, but I do. I wrote that and I was, at the time, only fifteen years old.

I clearly remember all those caustic little reader retorts you published in the letters section of #13. You know, the ones you inspired to say endearing epithets like, "should be boiled in oil," "have bamboo shoots driven up his fingernails," and others such ilk. I also remember fuming at my desk, trying desperately to write some well-articulated vitriolic rejoinder, with no result. And to think, this all happened on account of belittling Whale's Franky and Browning's Chee. Whoopie! Here come the reader tides again: I still don't think they're scary! So there! Try out *Dead of Night*, *A Touch of Evil*, *Regulation* or *Eraserhead* if you want shudders!

This juvenile outburst, regardless of my waiting a decade to vent it, is tangential, however, to this letter's purpose. I'm applying to college now and would like to include the essay that appeared in FMDF #10 in my application. I assume you will be able to substantiate my having written it with a quick trip to your files. It would be most gratifying, as well, for you to print this missive, so that I'll finally be able to razz those feebile infidels who so rashly scoffed at my unexcelled omnipotence in #13. The unmitigated toad! How dare they mock the creation of the son? The supreme necromantic Prometheus who now etiolates these very . . . Well, you get the idea "Boiled in oil," eh? Ha!

Steven Feldman

59 Barnes St.
Providence, RI 02908

As a teenager your mischievousness may have been tumultuously egregious but as an adult your erudition is totally awesome! —Fja

Beyond Words

You have created a monster, but what a delightful monster! I am 27 and I grew up with Famous Monsters. They were wonderful issues that had me entertained from the first page to the last. I can never describe to others the thrill that I had when I read your magazine. It really is beyond words to describe the joy you brought to me and many others who were regular readers of FM. Under your editorship, FM was a unique magazine that realized that your readers were important and the magazine was just as much ours as it was yours.

This new magazine is beautifully published and it shows me that a tremendous amount of love went into this venture. With you at the helm and a wonderful staff for a crew, how can it not help but be a gigantic success?

I am looking forward to seeing articles on the greats such as Bob Bloch, Steven Spielberg (the interview with him was wonderful and I am a big fan of his), Vincent Price, John Cervidino, John Carpenter, George Lucas, Stephen King, Ingrid Pitt, Bobbie Breese (a beautiful actress who I just adore), Al Williamson and of course Dick Smith and Rick Baker. There are so many that I have not mentioned, but I want everybody who is involved in one way or another with scaring others and entertaining us to know that I do appreciate them. I also look forward to seeing Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney Sr. and Bela Lugosi.

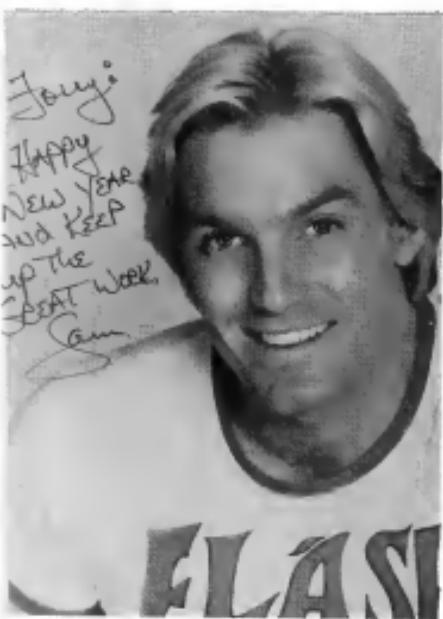
Ferry, I wrote to you a few years ago and told you my feelings about you and your future if you ever got a new magazine. It was a sad time when FM lost you and I want to repeat a part of that letter that expresses my wishes for your new magazine.

"Let's hope it will spark life in new readers as FM did when it first started. Let it be bigger and better. Let it have color. Let it go back to the basics of the classics of yesterday as FM did years ago. Yet, let it look to the present and the future. In short, let the new magazine have as much creativity, if not more, as FM did."

Well, your new magazine is every bit of that and so much more. It is good to feel the same excitement as I did when I was so much younger.

Jim Monroe
4200 Olivine Dr.
Charleston, SC 29405

Come grow young with me. The beast of life is yet to be!—F.J.A.



Sam Jones of the New York Jets (and the Munster Monsters)

LETTERS FROM LILLIPUT

Short excerpt: The new magazine looks splendid.—John Leslie, on location in London for "Spies Like Us." Congratulations on **MONSTERLAND**, a magazine with a difference.—Peter Fitzgerald, 38 Deer Run Rd., Brookfield, CT 06804. I've a complete set of **Famous Monsters** and **Specimen**. Though I may be one of your older readers, I'm still a kid at heart. Thank you for 25 years of great edification and enjoyment.—Jim Aschbacher, 1345 Douglass Dr., Santa Cruz, CA 95062. Number One: *fantastic!*—Count Ken, 33 Carlton St., Salem, MASS 01970. I'd love to see a Vincent Price interview.—Bennie Payne, 724 McKeever St., Peterborough, Ontario, Canada K9J 1R3. You have come up with another unique Ackerman-esque, a great new magazine aptly called *Foxey J. Ackerman's MONSTER LAND*, a territory that you have made your eminent domain!—Alex Gordon (mag-movie maker: *The She-Creature*, etc.), Hollywood, CA. My favorite is Lon Cheney.—Steve Weiszkevics, 11 Fernie Av., Utica, NY 13501.

I sort of grew up with you & FM. It's nice to have a monster meg back (or front for that matter). But I was sorry to see those copy pix on page 55. You've heard of Miss America, how 'bout Miss Monster contest? I'm looking for female pen pals.—Melinda Ghitine, POB 183, Coreopsis, PA 15106. Wonderful. Worth the wait.—Gee, Jones, 304 Lawrence, Muskogee, OK 74403. M.S. of 34474 Munger, Livonia, MI 48154 is desperately seeking products featuring Godzilla. He says, "I'm the biggest Godzilla fan around." Can any of you readers help him find it?

Thank you for re-entering the monster magazine scene. You have been missed.—Ken Wilcox, 3590 Kings Way 4, Sacramento, CA 95821. The Invisible Man may have muddled in things men were meant to leave alone, but **MONSTERLAND** is something men can't do without!—Stuart E. Gelbrest IV, 14427 Blue Skies, Livonia, MI 48154.

I would like to congratulate you on the wonderful job you did on the **Famous Monsters** magazine. I thought I would never see a magazine that could top it. But there it is! Your new magazine, of course, **MONSTERLAND** definitely tops it!—David L. Swanson, 127 Parkwood Av., Kenmore, NY 14217. Welcome home, oh venerable visionaries vampires!—Gordon R. Guy, 22 Canterbury St., E. Hartford, CT 06116. I don't exactly agree with your statements on gore, I watch quite a bit of gore movies along with my usual doses of Godzilla, etc. But I cherish your thought and desire to put forth a long forgotten type of movie magazine about the original horror movies.—Vince Comelius, 2355 Owens Rd. W., Prospect, OH 45342. **Famous Monsters** was the bible of my childhood. And now with **MONSTERLAND**, I know that the beast is yet to be! Long live Furry's Folly!—Jeffrey H. Roberts, 20 Rocky Glen Rd., Ceeseegega, NY.

FM was the first and probably the greatest of all the monster magazines and its demise was felt by many of us who remember its halcyon days from our youth. For a shy, introverted, slightly off-center kid to discover there were others with these oddball interests was a wonderful revelation to me (where was FM when I needed it?!)—F.J.A. It's good to have you back, F.J.A.—Gary Kimber, 80 Seerle Av., Downview, Ont., Canada M3H 4A5. I am twenty five years old. Thanks to you I have never gotten into drugs, alcohol or tobacco. You have set a perfect example for all of us young creatures who may have been caught in more horrible traps than could ever be imagined by the best horror writers.—Joe. Brady, 5735 Solway St., Pittsburgh, PA 15217.



Alvin (Top) and Dakota (Bottom) Dr. Monsters of Production Judds
Left: Kevin (Smart) Tracy, the
Spokesman of Hammerstein II
Situations

A (Mon) Star Is (Re) Born

MONSTERLAND is definitely Famous Monsters reborn . . . only better!

I'm glad to see that you'll be doing articles on new films as well as old. I saw—and loved—*The Terminator* (too bad about *Stressos*), and both *Return of the Living Dead* and *Titans* findlook pretty interesting . . . but no mad slasher articles, please! *Slash* is trash!

I liked the Steven Spielberg interview, but I wish it could've been longer. Oh, well. Then again, keeping Steve away from the cameras for too long a time may not be a good thing.

You've resurrected some of FM's old features. Mystery Photo (sorry, this one stumped me), Birthday Witches, Monogramma (rare treats), etc. In addition, there are the new columns on books, fanzines (I need and enjoy *Midnight Marquee*) and video. I think you've got a surefire winner there.

I also enjoyed Eric Hoffman's article on *Godzilla*, as well as his "Assessment" column. In the future, would it be possible to do a regular feature on all those old "forgotten" classics you saw back then—*Deluge*, *J'Accuse*, *The Strange Case of Captain Remper*, etc. Maybe one film per column? These films are rarely, if ever, shown on TV and they sound like fun.

Maybe in the future, you could coax Besil Gogos or Ken Kelly into doing an occasional cover?

Once again, thank you for **MONSTERLAND**. Here's to 25 more years! Longer even! Sci Fi will not die!

Paul Abel
322 Pearl St.
Fitchburg, MA 01420

Right! Sci Fi is. I may grow old and grey but . . . sci fi shall not die! —Pja

Return of the Undead

I'm glad to see that the monster magazines is not dead. I'm 16 and I started reading Famous Monsters at the age of six. I grew up reading FM and learning about Karloff, Lugosi, Lee, Cushing, Price, Lorne and others and for this I am grateful. FM fueled my imagination. I have written several short stories since then and even had a poem published in FM, which has probably been my biggest thrill of the past 15 years.

Today, while glancing through the magazine rack at the grocery store, I caught the monster logo in the corner of my eye. Then I saw the Ackermanster in the corner. I lunged for the magazine like a starving man for a T-Bone steak. I've just finished reading the magazine and I've enjoyed it very much. I just went to offer a few suggestions:

- 1) How about painted covers like Besil Gogos used to do for FM? They're much more attractive than photo montages.
- 2) Filmbooks! A filmbook every issue. They were always the best part of FM. And how 'bout putting a movie poster or lobby card of the filmbook feature on the back cover?
- 3) Most importantly, stick to the films from the '20s to the '60s. Please steer away from the mad slashers trash that permeates from Hollywood now.
- 4) Keep the Ackermanster as a regular feature.
- 5) Finally, let's have in-depth articles about the actors, directors and movie companies that made those old horror pictures so much fun.

One complaint about issue 1—the articles were hard to read because you had to keep turning back and forth to finish them. It would be much better if the articles were kept together.

Todd Strickland
28 Osbow Rd.
St. Peters, MO 63326

In general, we want to reserve the cover to honor Karloff, Lugosi and Cheney Sr. In color. Many filmbooks coming up—and a separate book devoted to some. —Fja

He's (Ouch!) Ack-Static!

When I first read of your plans for a new magazine, I was excited. When I finally saw it on the stands I couldn't get my hands on it fast enough.

As far as the first issue's contents are concerned, I was very pleased. **MONSTERLAND** certainly covers all the bases: new films (Company of Wolves, Terminator, Return of the Living Dead, Historical Information and etc. (Monsters, Answermen, Godzilla Chronology, films to come and credit to the genre's great ones (Lugosi, Karloff and, of course, Lon Cheney Sr.). Who could ask for more? Certainly not I.

Outside of **MONSTERLAND**'s completeness, there is one thing, Mr. Ackerman, that sets it apart from all the rest. I'm not talking about its wonderful stills and stories, though these are, of course, very important. But these are only the result of your special trait: an honest and true love for the films and your fans that comes through in every word you write and everything you do. On behalf of all of us here in "Monsterland," thank you and God bless.

Robert J. Brenz
P.O.B. 227
Harrville, OH 44692

Thank You, Bob—Pomy



KARLOFF REMEMBERED

After 12 years in films, in 1931 Boris Karloff had a banner year, making 15 movies in all. For RKO he was scarface Cokey Joe in *Young Donovan's Kid*, the villainous Isopod in *Warner Bros.' Five Star Final*, the evil father of *The Mad Genius*; but one role stood out above all the rest and would enshrine him for Eternity — the *Frankenstein* Monster. The following year he played in a remake of Lon Chaney Sr.'s *The Miracle Man* (but oddly, not in the Chaney role), the memorable Mummy, the sinister *Mask of Fu Manchu*, and in *The Old Dark House* he was joined by Ernest Thesiger, with whom he would twice re-team, in 1935 in *The Bride of Frankenstein* and in 1933 in *The Ghoul*, for which he returned to England. Strangely, it was the only film he made that year, but he made it count. Your Editor considers it one of the best Karloff films.

CHANAY SHALL NOT DIE!

Armless . . . but scorchingly handsome, in *The Unknown*.

He made the mistake, in the movie, of falling in love with Joan Crawford (after her death to be given the ironic sobriquet of "Mommie Dearest" by her adopted daughter). Joan played a woman who couldn't stand men's arms around her so (all's fair in love & war!) Lon had his limbs **surgically removed** in order to gain her love. Then she turned around and fell for the circus strongman Lothario! Poor Lon.

An interesting portrayal and one that, fortunately, can still be seen to this day.



STEPHEN
KING'S

CAT'S EYE

BY BOB STRAUSS

CANDY CLARK LOVES TO
BE SCARED — ESPECIALLY
BY STEPHEN KING!



Candy Clark loves to be scared. The
brunette, Texas-raised, actress of
American Graffiti, *The Men Who Fell to
Earth*, *Blue Thunder*, *Amityville 3-D* &
now Stephen King's *Cat's Eye* seems
has been a horror fan for as long as she
can remember.

"The *Exorcist* is still the king of horror
films," Clark asserts in her sultry,
southwestern drawl. "Another one
that's really, really scary is *Night of the
Living Dead*. *Alien* is my third choice
for scariness, although I wanted to see
more of that monster. Then there's one
that's really gruesome, but terrifying,
that's called *The Hills Have Eyes*. That
is truly a nightmare! It's worse than the
Chainsaw Massacre. Far worse!"

She saw them the first day for *The Exorcist*—
waited in line 2½ hours. Once inside,
the house was packed & I got a
great seat. The movie got scarier &
scarier. Then someone outside the
theatre started pounding on the exit
doors! We all screamed. Then the
whole theatre went out of control.
Everyone was smoking—the ushers
didn't even bother to try to stop
anyone—people had their hands over
their eyes. It was great!"

"I talked about that picture for weeks.
A friend & I did the voices around



people all the time. We had a blast.

"I think horror movies appeal to the roller coaster crowd. I know I like to be scared. I wouldn't want a guy with an axe chasing me around in real life, but watching it on a film, you get the thrill without any of the . . . ah, consequences."

THE EYE OF THE CAT

For Clark, the roles she's been landing in fright features must feel like troubled dreams coming true. This spring, she'll be seen in one of the 3 segments of Stephen King's *Cat's Eye*, a compilation film directed by Lewis (Cujo) Teague, opposite James Naughton and Drew Barrymore. Other chapters of the movie star James (The Dead Zone) Woods & Alan King, and Robert Hays & Ken (Duma) McMillan.

"The picture follows this cat through the lives he leads and the families he gets involved with," Clark explains. "The movie is more eerie than it is horrible. The stories are strange tales, as opposed to gruesome."

"I play Drew Barrymore's mother. I'm kind of strict. I don't want this cat that she's found to move in. She already has one pet, a bird. I'm concerned that this stray cat has diseases, I think of a million and one reasons why she shouldn't keep it. So it's a battle of wills."

Eventually, the cat finds itself in mortal combat with another unwanted resident of the household—an evil, dwarfish troll who lives hidden in Barrymore's bedroom. Although she



Top: James Naughton, Candy Clark and Drew Barrymore pose with the cat before eyes have it. Above and right: Scenes from other episodes in Stephen King's forthcoming compilation *Cat's Eye*. Opposite page: The only real terror that doesn't bite can step more than it does. (Photo: Mark L. Lester)

had no scenes involving the troll or other special effects, Clark found working with the young actress who plays her daughter an unusual and satisfying experience.

"It was the first time I'd ever worked with a kid & I was really impressed with Drew's acting. There was one scene in which she's begging me to let this cat stay. I'm just dead set against it. It's late at night, she's brushing her teeth & I'm loading up the bathtub. She asks me one more time, I say no, then I turn around and look at her. She's standing at the sink . . . the toothbrush is moving slower & slower . . . there are tears pouring down her cheeks & she's all red in the face.



"When they said 'cut,' I asked her 'How'd you do that? How'd you do that?!" It wasn't in the script, the director didn't tell her to cry. It was just fantastic. She said she didn't know how she came up with it, that she was just thinking about how she missed her cat or something. She did things like that all the time. Watching her do a scene was just amazing."

On a less enlightening note, Clark was also amused watching a crew of highly-skilled, professional film technicians make some rather foolish-looking attempts to get one of her other co-stars to cooperate.

"It was interesting to see how they could get a cat to do things," she says.

"They would block off exits with all this plywood that they had to make sure didn't show on the camera. They built a number of plywood tunnels for the cat to run through so he'd stay within range. They had all kinds of clickers going, 'click-click-click-click-click,' to call the cat. Every once in awhile he'd get through a panel and—woosh, take off running. ... They had a few backup cameras in case that happened. They also had a few cats in hot tubs, ... I mean, ... I mean, ...

A COLD DAY IN AMITYVILLE

Not being involved in any special stunt sequences in *Cat's Eye* might have been a disappointment for Clark. However, considering what she went through during the shooting of a previous Dino De Laurentiis horror production, *Amityville 3-D*, it may have come more as a relief.

"We shot *Amityville* in Mexico over 3 months. In one scene, I had to go down into this basement that was supposed to be real cold. They wanted condens-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 68





MONSTERLAND PRESENTS SOME NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY George Pal for his proposed serial in *The Time Machine*. There's a color painting of Ches moving a giant spider. The black and white ink drawings show the giant bee, the spider and also sketches of armed guards (Ches uses their weapons, which still functions, to defend the few remaining humans from the insects who prey on them). Plus other drawings that reveal the surreal qualities of George Pal's imagination.





Above left: Mrs. Pal with the author. In background are lobby cards from George Pal's *Clowns*. Above: We waited 20 years to see the famous spider scene in the original *King Kong*—We might see a great one yet if Hollywood teams up and makes *Time Machine II* as a tribute to George. Far left: The *Time Traveler* abducts man-eating humanoids and returns unscathed from their skeletal heads (unseen) for *Time Machine II*. Left: Attacked by currents of giant mutated iron! (TM: ED)

never made any monster movies," Mrs. Pal insisted, as we spoke in the livingroom of her Beverly Hills home—the same home where she had lived with George and where hardly an item has been moved since their days there together. "When I think of a monster movie I think of a film where the monster is the very reason for the film—the creature is at the very center of the story, like King Kong, *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* and so on. George chose his stories not for the monsters but for the plots—what they had to say. George made movies to entertain us with our fantasies—for instance, fairy stories—and also to show imaginings of what might have been or what might some day come to pass in a world dominated by science and technology. Many of the subjects he chose, which were fiction in the 1940s and '50s, did actually later come to pass, such as *Destination Moon*, or *The Conquest of Space*, which was the first feature story to show space shuttles and space stations, back in 1955. Even *When Worlds Collide* pre-dated serious scientific theories about prehistoric collisions of gigantic comets with the Earth—how that could have contributed to wiping out the dinosaurs,

stirring up clouds of dust that blocked the sun for centuries. As for *War of the Worlds*, it dramatized on film, long before *E.T.* or *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, that alien forms of life might have a special interest in human civilization. Of course, the basic idea came from HG Wells, but George thought it important to help people visualize—to show on the screen—what that kind of invasion would actually mean.

"The same was true of *The Time Machine*. One of my favorite parts was where the dresses are changing on the mannequins in the store window—the fashions and styles change before our eyes very quickly as the time traveler journeys thru time. It was important for George to help people imagine what such a time journey really could be like and I think people still remember those special scenes."

PAL'S PREMONITIONS

I also spoke with Arnold Leibovit, a producer presently completing an exciting feature documentary on George Pal's life and career. In addition to his personal enjoyment of the George Pal Puppetoons and various film monsters, Mr. Leibovit feels the important thing to remember about George Pal was his

prammonitions of the future. "Today we can look back at films like *Destination Moon* or *The Conquest of Space* with an advantage that makes many people simply take them for granted. In 1965, we know that man did get to the moon, that man has built space stations and can take walks in space, wearing space suits, that he can repair space vehicles from outside the craft and jet around on tethers. But when George Pal first explored those concepts in the early 1950s, they were all conjecture—and highly controversial. Probably half the audience or more felt it was all fiction and would never happen—certainly not in their lifetimes, anyway. So George was a visionary—if you will, a kind of cinematic prophet who was definitely ahead of his time. He set the groundwork for the great explosion of science fiction movies that followed. Today, we still have to wonder whether the subjects of some of his other films will prove prophetic, too—films such as HG Wells' *War of the Worlds* and *The Time Machine*—or *When Worlds Collide* or *The Power*."

For his feature documentary, which should be finished very soon, Arnold Leibovit has interviewed many actors from George Pal's movies (including



At a costume party, Ann Robinson and the Potters' Pal

Rod Taylor, Charlton Heston, Tony Randall and others) and also some of the special effects geniuses, who built monsters, created matte paintings or animated Puppetoons (including Wah Chang, Gene Warren, Ray Harryhausen, Jim Danforth and Chesley Bonestell).

PAL AND THE WORLD

OF UNWRUGHT THINGS

Like every creative master, George Pal left various projects behind unfinished. Some, such as *The Disappearance and Voyage of the Berg*, have been written about elsewhere, but they had no monsters in the cast. Also planned were the *Liast Revolution* (Lord Dunsany's world of robots) and *HG Wells' In the Days of the Comet*.

A few of the projects, however, posed monstrous challenges for new, imaginative creatures.

First, there was *Time Machine II*. George and Joe Morehalm wrote the sequel to the Wells classic as a novel. Dell published it in 1961, about a year after Mr. Pal's passing. Unfortunately, it came out at a time when Dell was purging its entire science fiction line, and it was poorly advertised. Thus, few fans are familiar with it, and hopefully it awaits being brought to the screen by some of George Pal's young admirers.

In that story, Weena and the time traveler have a son, Chris, who is born during the bombings of London during World War II.

Chris finds the plans for his father's

original invention after the time machine is destroyed. He builds one like it, an improved model, and goes off to discover the future after the era of Eloi and Morlocks.

He finds a world with very few humans left, a world in which the insects and crustaceans have become dominant. There are giant spiders, bees, snails, crabs, bats, beetles and caterpillars.

MONSTERLAND presents in this issue some never-before-published drawings by George Pal of his plans for those creatures. There's a color painting of Chris meeting a giant spider. The black-&-white ink drawings show the giant bees, the spider and also a crab gripping the time traveler underwater. The baby above Chris' head is symbolic, for in the novel the moment of Chris' birth and his death seem to converge, across the 4th dimension. Another ink drawing shows corpses—skeletons of armed guards. In the future world, Chris uses those weapons which still function to save the few remaining humans from the insects who prey on them.

BY GEORGE, 'TWAS A HOBBIT!

Another unrealized project George planned to make was Tolkien's "The Hobbit," with all the creatures of Middle Earth. My wife, Hollace, and I had an intimate relation to that project, as George Pal had us develop the treatment for him. In our adaptation and pre-production plans we intended a Smaug dragon that would be stop motion animation, meaner and craftier than the

dragon in Brothers Grimm. There was to be all kinds of beasts in Mirkwood, including a stop motion Gollum. Middle Earth was to be a composite of miniature landscapes, sets and matte paintings, mixed with live action in a Sequoia forest. George hoped to cast noted comic actors in the roles, as he had done in *Tom Thumb*. He dreamed of a Hobbit with Mickey Rooney, Marty Feldman, Arte Johnson and even Peter Sellers as Gandalf the Wizard!

A MAN FOR THE AGES

Looking back on George Pal's contributions to film, entertainment and the world of imagination, I reflect on Robert Kennedy's memorable words: "I dream of things that never were and ask, 'Why not?'"

George Pal dreamed of things that never were and made them so—at least in images: on a screen that had such precision and clarity they seemed real to the eye of the beholder.

Hundreds of thousands of people all over the world—perhaps even millions—were deeply saddened to learn of his passing in the spring of 1980. I attended the funeral service in Marina del Rey and watched Forrest J Ackerman give the most moving public talk of his career, in a most eloquent eulogy. The Jesuits, articulate as they were, had no words to match those of Mr. Ackerman, who spoke to the hearts of everyone present, bringing to mind the ever-memorable dream-worlds of Mr. Pal, which those who love movies will hold dear forever.

FEARBOOK

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI



Caligari creeps through the nightmare Caligari silent classic!

A CLASSIC MONSTERLAND FILMBOOK!

BY DEBORAH R. PAINTER

Sixty-five years ago, in 1920, a motion picture was released which would be hailed by critics and the public as a classic horror film and a triumph of the abstract, expressionistic school of art. The French coined a new term, *Caligari*, to refer to that which is bizarre and twisted.

Produced just after Germany's defeat in the First World War, *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* still gives cold chills to millions thru its revivals on tv and in theaters. One of the most famous German films, it has never been imitated, yet its unusual style was an inspiration for many films, including *Son of Frankenstein* (1939).

The first *Caligari* was scripted by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, directed by Carl Mayer and produced by Erich Pommer at Deutscher Film, Berlin. Mayer and Janowitz, then in their early 20s,

wished to make a film which protested the kind of all-powerful authority that had led the German people into a war that drained them of their resources and left them disoriented and disillusioned. So they grabbed this tale of an evil psychiatrist who puts a somnambulist, or perpetual sleeper, completely in his power.

A tight postwar budget encouraged the company to abandon bright stage lighting for *Caligari*. So they made their own, in the contrasting black-&-white abstract paintings which formed the background scenery. The weird sets and costumes are partly the reason for the film's unsettling atmosphere. They take the viewer into a twisted nightmare world where things are familiar, yet unreal. But as the story unfolds, the scenery becomes merely a suitable backdrop for the mysterious events. The film's original green, brown and blue tinted scenes added to the depiction of the surreal world of a madman.



Chapter One That's the Spirit

A young man is talking with an elderly man as they sit on a bench in a leaf-strewn park surrounded by a wall. Weering a worried expression, the older man leans toward his companion and tells him, "Everywhere there are spirits...they are all around us...they have driven me from hearth and home, from my wife and children." The young man, Francis (Friedrich Feher), appears unaffected by this revelation.

At this moment, a young woman named Jane (Lili Dagover) emerges from the shadows and approaches on a path, oblivious of the presence of the men. She is like a spectre, with her long black hair in sharp contrast to her pale skin and white gown.

"That is my fiance," Francis tells his friend. "What she and I have experienced is yet more remarkable than the story you have told me. I will tell you..."

Francis describes Holstenwall, the German town where he was born. It is a weird birthplace indeed, with its houses all crowded together on the slopes of a steep hill.

A traveling fair has arrived and with it "a scoundrel": the strange Dr. Caligari (Werner Krauss), an old man dressed in a top hat and black cloak. Beneath the hat is a mop of white hair. Glaring, evil eyes peer from behind thick spectacles. Caligari hobbies about watching the workers set up the tents and booths.

As Francis' friend Alan (Hans Hinz von Twardowski), a student, is poring over a book in his tiny apartment, his

attention is diverted to a man distributing handbills on the street below. Alan obtains one and hurries over to Francis to tell him the news: Holstenwall Fair has arrived, including sideshows of all kinds and marvels never before seen!

The two friends decide to see the fair as a welcome change from the routine of study.

Meanwhile, Caligari hobbies to the office of the Town Clerk to procure a permit to operate a sideshow exhibit at the fair. When he requests the permit, the smug Clerk treats him in a belittling manner, compelling him to feign humility and deference to obtain it.

That night the Town Clerk is mysteriously murdered in his bed, stabbed to death with a sharp instrument.

The next day, as Alan and Francis are enjoying themselves at the fair, they are attracted by Dr. Caligari's shouts and bell-ringing as he stands outside his tent:

"Now showing for the first time: Cesare, the miraculous, 23 years of age, has for these three and twenty years been sleeping day and night, without a break. Before your very eyes, Cesare will awaken from his death-like rigidity. Roll up, roll up."

Alan and Francis join the crowd as they enter the tent and see a curtain-draped stage. Caligari gesticulates with his cane, then draws the curtain aside to reveal a long, coffin-like cabinet, propped on end. Caligari opens the hinged door, and inside is—Cesare (Conrad Veidt). *Mora like a corposa than a living,*



They had mysterious ways back then.

breathing man.

His tall, thin body dressed in form-fitting black.

A pale, dead-white face with a painted mouth, heavy brows and diamond-shaped patches of makeup around the sleeping eyes.

His hair a stringy, black mop.

"Cesare! It is I, Caligari, your master. Awaken a brief while from your dark night."

In response, Cesare's mouth twitches as he emerges from his deep slumber. His eyes flutter open and widen to an insane state. He then slowly emerges from the cabinet.

Caligari grins evilly and informs the startled audience that "Cesare will now answer any question you may put to him. He knows every secret. He knows the past and can see into the future. Come up and test him for yourselves."

Because of either fear or skepticism, no one asks Cesare a question. Except Alan. Strangely moved, the earnest young man comes on stage and asks the demonic, staring creature: "How long have I to live?"

Regarding him with an even wider stare, Cesare replies, "Until dawn."

At first shocked by this pronouncement, Alan smiles feebly, trying to laugh it off. Francis persuades the visibly-shaken man to leave the tent.

Later that evening, as the two walk down a lamp-lit street, they see a poster which offers a huge reward for any information regarding the murder



The mad movement casts a weird shadow of things to come.



Above: Caligari and his sleeping "bride" (Greta Schröder)



Above: The Sleep Walker and his bride (Greta Schröder)

Below: The Old Lamp-lighter plays some light music in a room where there will soon be dark days



of the Town Clerk. The beautiful Jane greets them, and they laugh and talk gaily.

After seeing Jane home, Francis and Alan arrive at Francis' door. "Alan, we both love her," Francis reminds his friend.

"Yes, but we will let Jane choose, and not quarrel over the outcome," Alan replies and, after a handshake, they part.

Chapter Two A Stab in the Dark

That night, as Alan sleeps, an ominous shadow of a human form creeps across him and he suddenly awakens to find fingers clutched about his throat! Thrashing about hysterically, he tries to ward off his attacker but it is no use! The shadow of a hand armed with a long stiletto plunges downward.

A middle-aged woman later rushes to Francis' home and, near hysteria, cries out that Alan has been murdered! Horrified, Francis realizes the materialization of a terrible truth: "The prophecy of the somnambulist!"

The profoundly shocked Francis reports the vile deed to the police, who at once begin an investigation.

Later, as Jane is walking in a garden, she meets Francis, who tells her of the tragedy. Nearly overcome with horror and grief, she returns with Francis to her home and is met by her father, Dr. Olsen (Rudolf Klein-Rogge). "I will get a permit from the police to examine the somnambulist," he tells them in a reassuring tone.

That night a bearded man (Rudolf Klein-Rogge; Rehwang) stalks the streets, hiding in the shadows.

A woman screams "Murder!" from a window and the man dashes away, a blood-splattered knife gleaming in his hand. But he is immediately captured and dragged to the police station by a group of people who have responded to the screams.

The interior of Dr. Caligari's caravan. He prepares a bowl of porridge for Cesare and props the sleeping man up in his box to spoonfeed him. After Cesare has been fed, Francis and Dr. Olsen knock on the door. Caligari lets them in reluctantly. After listening to Cesare's heartbeat with his stethoscope, Dr. Olsen demands that Caligari wake him but Caligari adamantly refuses.

Francis' attention is drawn to the street where a man is distributing handbills. Francis obtains one and learns that the three murders have been

solved and the killer is in the custody of the police. Upon receiving this news, the two leave hurriedly, and Caligari, watching them from his doorway, cackles happily.

At the police station, Dr. Olsen and Francis are present as the criminal is being questioned. The man admits to the previous night's murder but swears, "I had nothing to do with the first two murders, so help me God. The old woman...yes, it's true I wanted to kill her, with a stab from the same kind of dagger, so as to throw suspicion onto the mystery murderer."

The puzzled Francis does not know whether to believe his story.

The Filmbook of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* concludes next issue with the exciting chapters "The Abduction of Jane", "A Shocking Revelation" and "You Must Become Caligari".



CATACOMB

BY
RON MAGID



Jack Bricker speaks softly, with a quiet intensity that instantly commands your attention. Jack resembles a rock 'n' roll musician much more than a maker of monsters, even though he's one of the makeup effects industry's fastest-rising young stars, having lent his talents to the mega-hits *The Terminator* and *Starman*, as well as to the upcoming *The Clan of the Cave Bear* and *The Howling II*. One look at Jack's portfolio tells you that this artist is more than just another professional—he is a perfectionist. Jack has worked with some of the brightest talents in the field: William Tuttle was his first formal teacher, while his mentors have included such luminaries as Charles Schramm and Rick Baker. More recently, Jack's had the opportunity to collaborate with Sonny Burman and Stan Winston.

Oddly enough, Jack did not intend to become a makeup artist when he first enrolled in USC's famed theater department. Jack wanted to become an actor. "I always loved makeup but I assumed that to be a makeup artist you'd have to

go thru extensive special training that was no longer available because of the decline of the studio system. Nevertheless, acting was not in the cards...Fate was waiting in the wings...Fate in the form of a certain film experience—*The Exorcist*. Dick Smith's magnificent old age makeup for Max Von Sydow inspired Jack to want to create similar transformations. The seed was planted.

The next semester, Jack enrolled in William Tuttle's makeup class at USC. Tuttle was so pleased with Jack's work, the following semester he hired his pupil as his teaching assistant. Before long, the chairman of the Theatre Department was offering him a scholarship to grad school if he would return to USC to teach! During this period, he began to support himself by creating ventilated hair-pieces for stores and for other makeup artists. (Ventilating hair is an extremely tedious process that requires tying thousands of individual hairs onto a piece of lace.) Jack also began to find work in magazine ads and television com-

mercials.

Thus far, Jack was working a day here, a week there...but his big break was already in the making. After working with James Whitmore on the one-man film *Billy*, Jack received a call from ABC, asking him to report to work on a *Batman* special. "They really only needed someone to stay on the set and mop the sweat off the actors' faces," he remembered. "But I stayed for 5 years."

Although Jack had now found steady employment as a makeup artist, he dreamed of working in horror and sci fi films. He created Laurel & Hardy aliens for a milk commercial. He constantly sculpted monster heads. Then along came Michael Jackson's *Thriller* video and Jack not only got to create monsters, he got to be one! This all came about because Rick Baker was a *Fridays* fan and enjoyed Jack's work. Jack's duties included sculpting zombie teeth for the dancers and mixing the makeup colors and wax paint for Jackson and the other zombies. Under Rick's guidance he created



Living makeup star Jack Palance had a role in *Thriller*.

two of the four sets of cat creature teeth Michael wore in the video's dramatic transformation scene. It occurred to Jack that his relatively "bloated" zombie would be great for the sewer shot, so he suggested it to Rick who suggested it to John Landis. John and Rick both agreed that Jack's zombie belonged in the sewer, which turned out to be a nice treat. For the shot in the video where the ghoul creeps up thru the manhole, Jack's makeup was applied by Barry Koper, but on the night that the video's cover photo was taken, Jack's makeup was applied by the legendary Charles Schramm. "That was a real thrill!" said Jack. This was especially great because Schramm had been one of Jack's teachers.

It seems *Thriller* was what was needed to transport Jack from the (by comparison) ordinary world of TV makeup into the highly specialized, exciting field of special effects for feature films. Jack's next assignment involved applying radiation burns and other makeup on the rebels of the future for *The Terminator*. Jack also sculpted robot parts and created an enlarged portion of Schwarzenegger's face for an extreme closeup of his mechanical eye in action.

Though this was the first time he

had worked with Stan Winston, Jack was selected by Stan to sculpt the starbaby for the science fiction romance, *Starman*. Jack sculpted 95% of the second stage starchild, which was then turned over to Sonny Burman's crew, who added the mechanics. Stan operated the baby on-screen while Rick Baker and crew created the infant (first stage) child and Dick Smith contributed an astonishing number of heads for the third stage leap dissolve sequence. Jack then moved over to EFX to airbrush a giant hand that had been sculpted for Roy Arbogast for a closeup involving a highly complicated lightsphere.

After completing his work on *Starman*, Jack moved over to Sonny Burman's studio, Cosmekinetics, to create a cromagnon boy dummy which appeared as if it had been attacked by wolves for *Clan of the Cave Bear*. Jack was supposed to sculpt at least one other dummy for the film but Sonny requested that Jack should help prepare for *The Howling II*. Since there were only 3½ weeks allowed for preparation, Jack found this experience "very intense". Jack then flew behind the Iron Curtain to Czechoslovakia, where he assumed his duties as "chief of makeup effects on location". One of the many

unusual things he had to cope with on this very unusual shoot was the fact that since most of the crew didn't speak English, they had to speak to each other thru interpreters. The werewolves in *The Howling II* were directly inspired by two incredibly detailed and lifelike latex busts Jack had created for his own amusement. Other designs were incorporated as well. Jack's two original sculptures were first displayed in the Beverly Hills office where casting was done for the film and later wound up as set decorations in Christopher Lee's Gothic mansion.

Jack has only recently returned from the Czechoslovakian locale of *The Howling II*, having worked his magic and transformed an entire cast of would-be Larry Talbots into wailing werewolves near the ancestral homeland of Vlad Dracula. Jack has accomplished much. In the 8 years he's been working professionally—everything from zombies to werewolves, with a cromagnon or alien child thrown in for good measure along the way. But, he adds, with a wry smile, "you have to have several shots to fulfill some kind of crazy dream you have when you're a kid to do something that is really going to amaze people. The best is yet to come."



When the car's come to a stop...

...the people better start to prep!

sation coming out of my mouth, so they rigged up this little box with holes in it and dry ice inside of it, which I had to wear inside my mouth. Thank God there was no dialogue!

"I hear noises in the basement, so have to look scared with this box stuck in my mouth. I run up the stairs and slam the door behind me, then suddenly it swings open. All of this wind and ice comes flying out at me.

"They did that with these big jet engine-type blowers and a hot wax machine. The wax was supposed to look like frost. So here I was, they had these giant fans on me & I'm supposed to be pinned against the wall (there was a stunt man below, out of camera range, with his hands on my hips to stem me against the wall like a big wind hit me). & they're shooting hot wax & glitter all over me. The wax had cooled by the time it hit me, but the glitter, which was supposed to look like ice, kept splattering me in the face. It felt like little pieces of sand, kind of sharp.

"When that day was over, I used Tide, dishwashing liquid—I must've washed my hair 20 or 30 times to get that wax out! We did that scene 5 or 6 times, so I was just coated with the stuff."

HOT TIMES

Poor Candy Clark was made to suffer

the rigors of fire as well as ice during the Amityville production.

"There was a scene in which I was supposed to catch on fire. It began with me sitting in a car when a pipe flew through the windshield. They had a stunt girl sit there in my place. This pneumatic machine threw the pipe in right above her shoulder. She said it was the scariest stunt she'd ever done. She wore protective goggles, but that was all.

"That shot was nerve-wracking for the cameraman too. He was in the backseat; the pipe stopped just inches in front of his lens. It would come in each take—Zoom!—stop every time. Still, you don't quite trust it.

"When we got to the point where my arm was supposed to be on fire, I said 'I'll do the stunt! I'll try!' They said no. No. No. They put a stunt girl in the backseat of the car and shot through the side window. She wore a coat just like mine & stuck her right arm forward, between the two seats. I took my arm out of my coat & from that angle hers looked like mine.

"She had all of this flammable jelly on her hand. They just ignited it. I looked at this hand burning right next to me & I really reacted! I was supposed to be screaming and I really was. She left her hand out there way beyond the call of duty, too. Those stunt people are really

crazy. They'd just leave the cameras rolling for as long as she would take it, so this burning hand that was supposed to be my hand was next to me doing all this acting for a long, long time. Ugh! It gave me the creeps!"

INTO THE FRYING PAN

The burning hand was just the beginning. For Clark, there seemed to be no getting out of the frying pan in this film.

"They wanted another angle, so they put these gas jets all along the windowsill and on the seat beside me. The next thing I knew, it looked like the whole car was on fire & I'm sitting in the middle of all of it. All my clothes were sprayed with fire retardant, but my hair wasn't.

"There were gas jets here and the seat's on fire over there. I'm supposed to be screaming bloody murder, so I just went for it & did all of this painful screaming. I tried to imagine myself on fire & how much it would hurt. I was having quite a good time doing that, but I really scared the cameramen. I was screaming so realistically, so pain-wracked, that he thought I was really burning!"

Thankfully, Clark came through the inferno unscathed, with nary a spark making contact. Her spirit made it through intact, too; she says she enjoys the challenges posed by difficult, dangerous stunts.

A rabid Stephen King fan who devours each of the author's books as soon as they come off the presses (*The Shining* is her favorite, although she found Stanley Kubrick's movie version disappointing), Clark hopes that *Cat's Eye* will capture the special, terrifying magic of the writer whose she loves to fear.

In the future, Clark would like nothing more than to appear in a crackerjack action/adventure movie (*Blue Thunder* gave me a little taste of that) or a television series that would involve heavy makeup effects and disguises (her 5-hour-a-day appliance sessions for *The Man Who Fell to Earth* gave her a craving for that). Of course, she's always in the market for the next big scare.

"I'm still looking for a horror film that beats *The Exorcist*. I haven't been that scared yet. I keep looking!"

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